

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

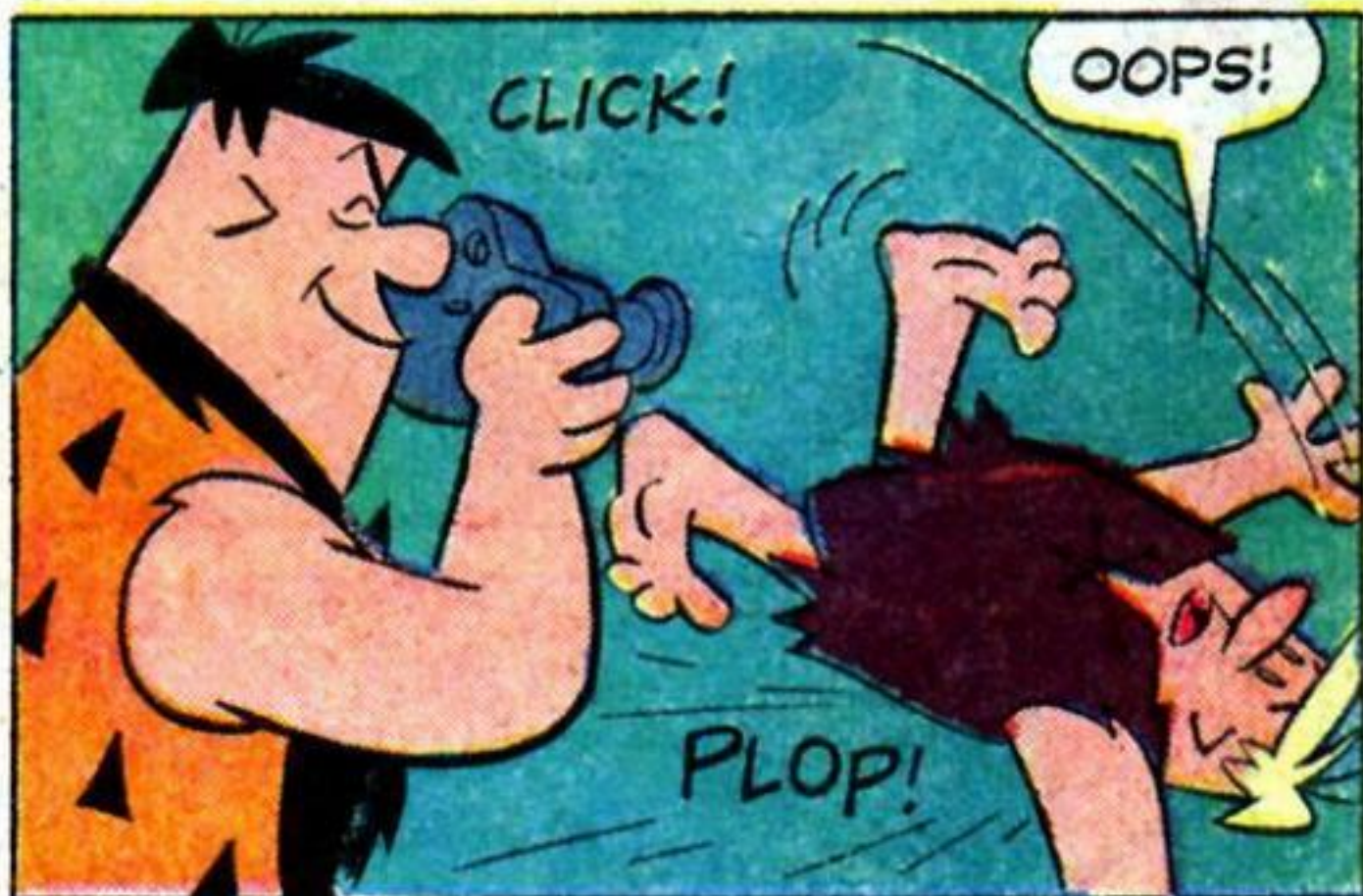
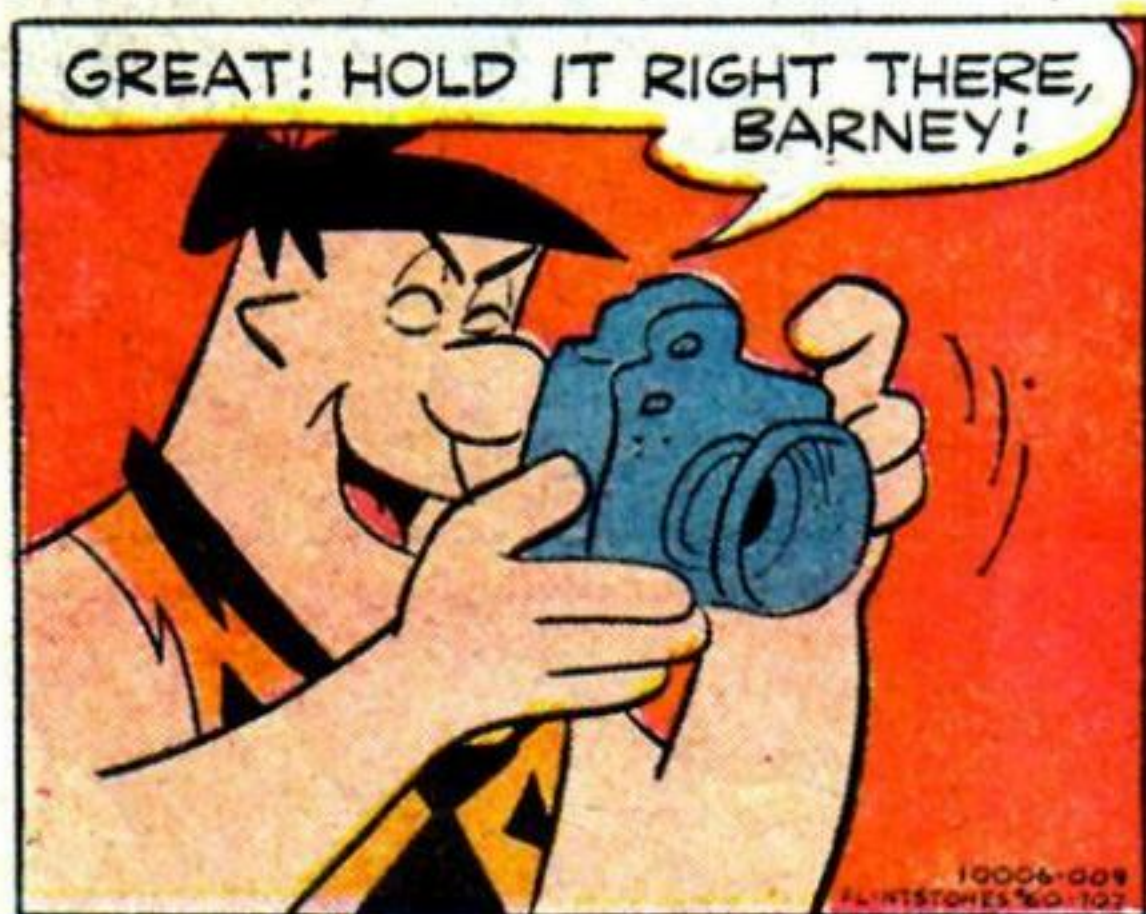
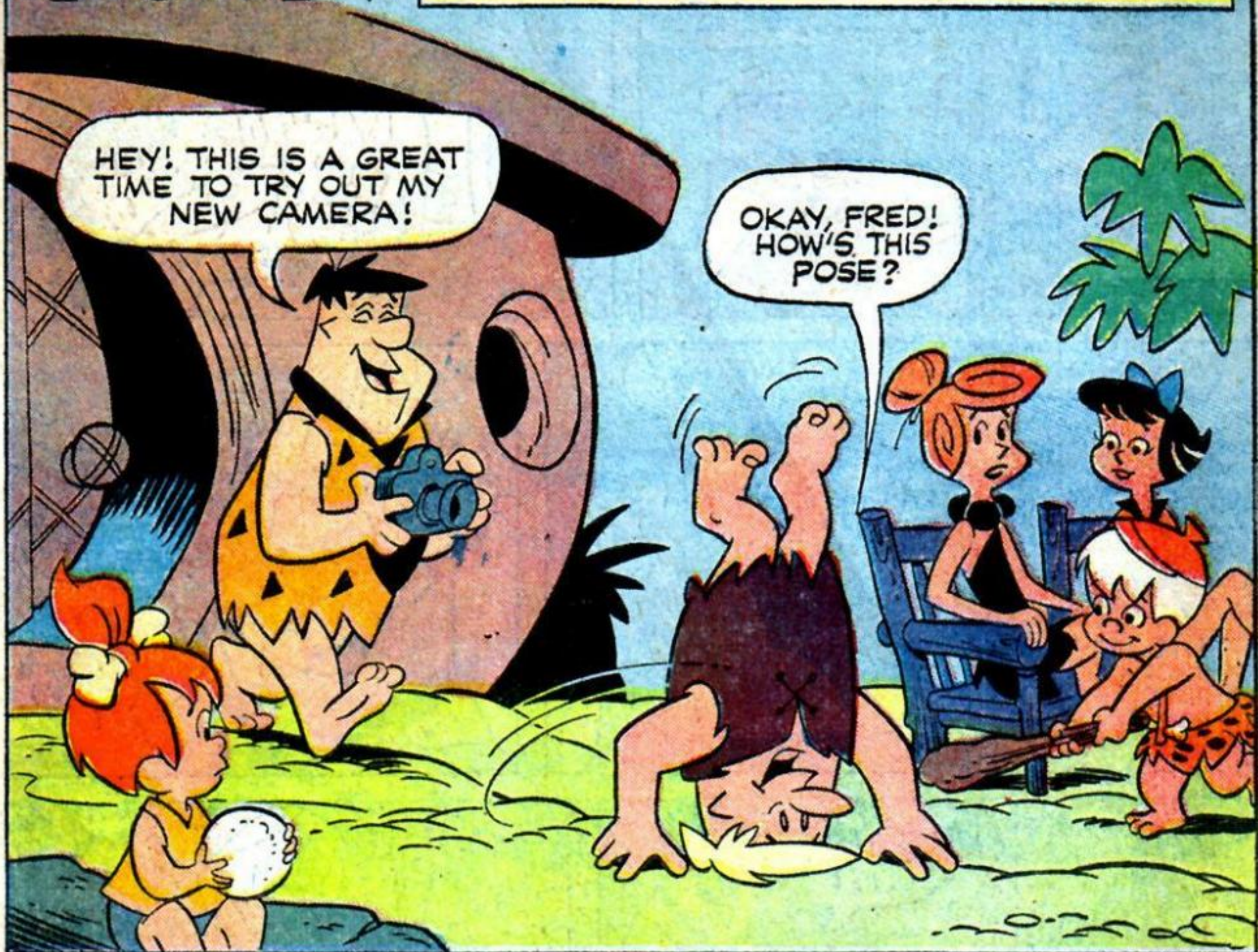
# THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

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SEPTEMBER







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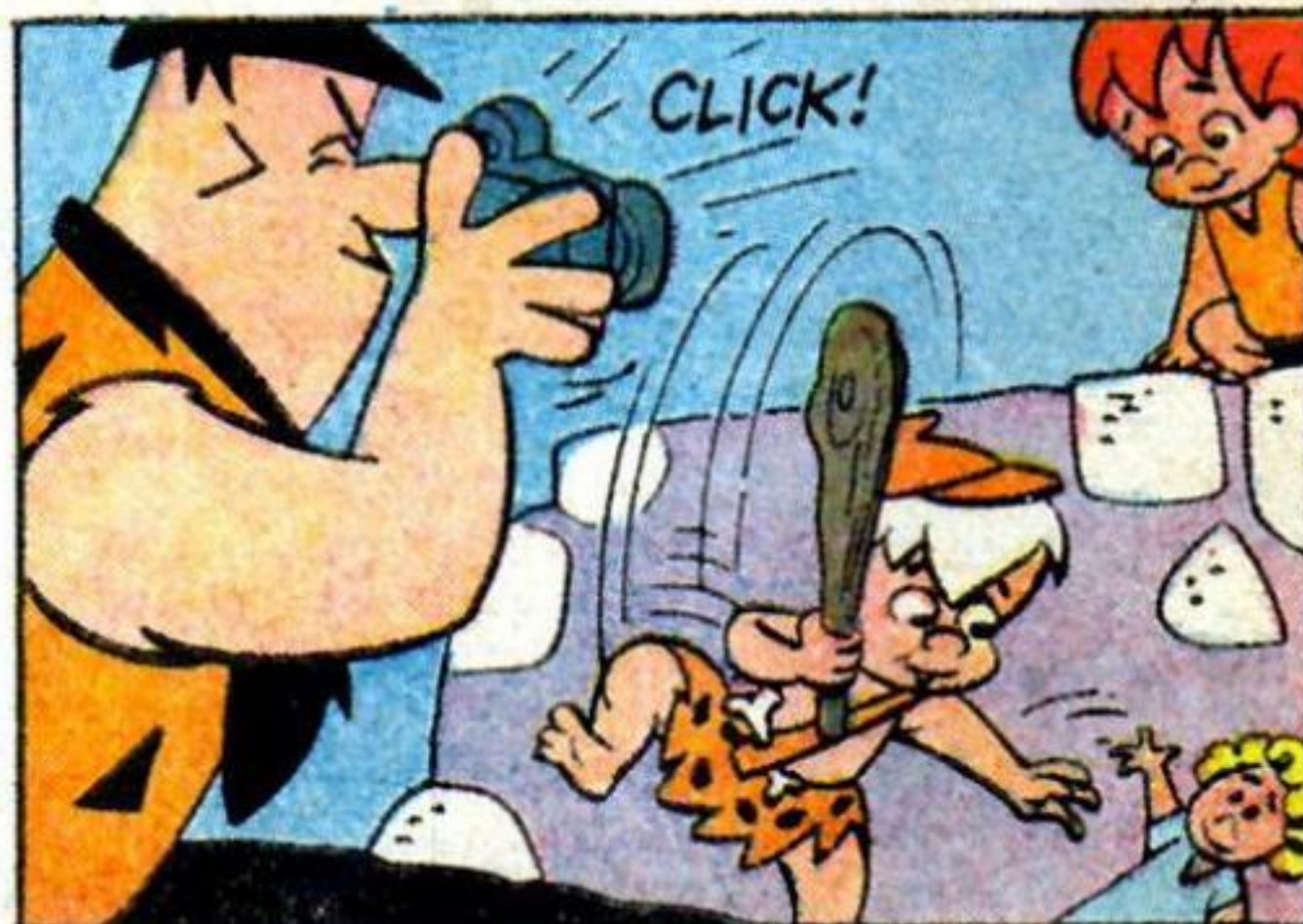
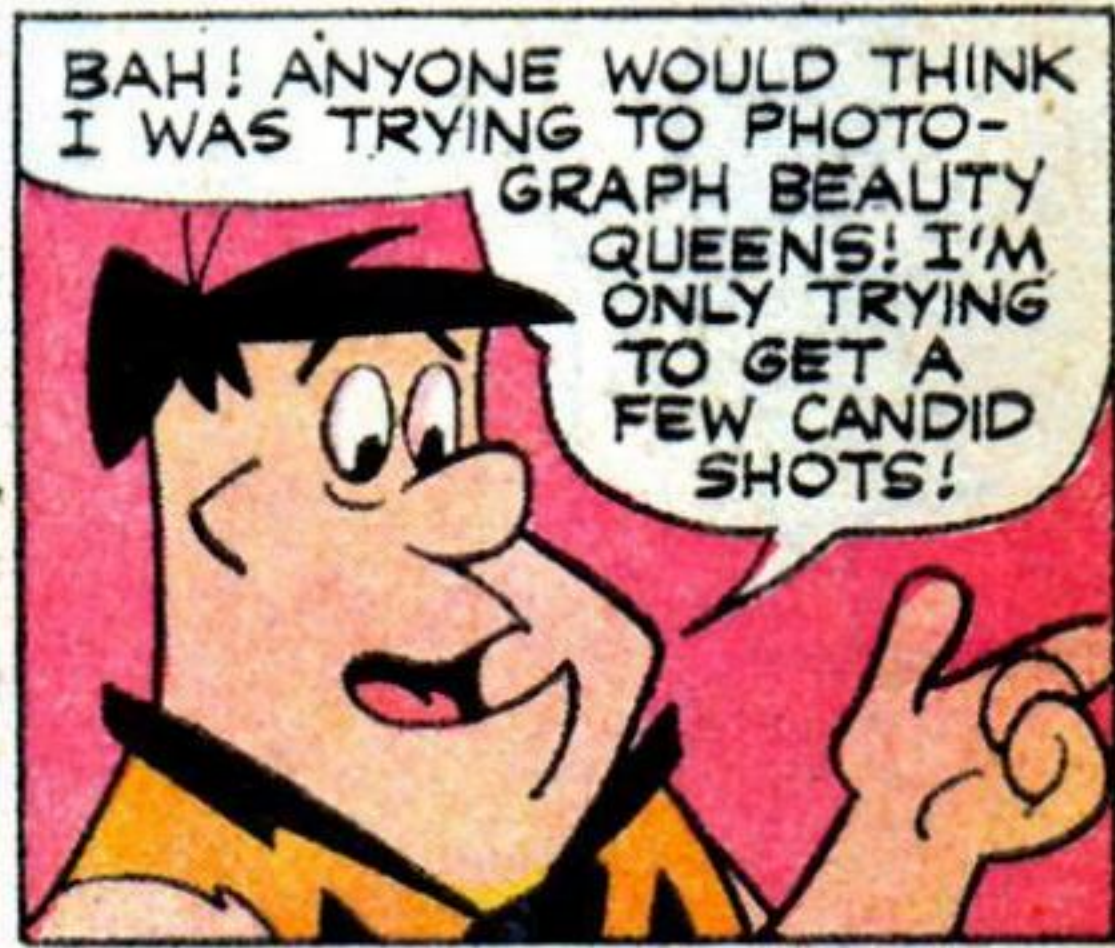
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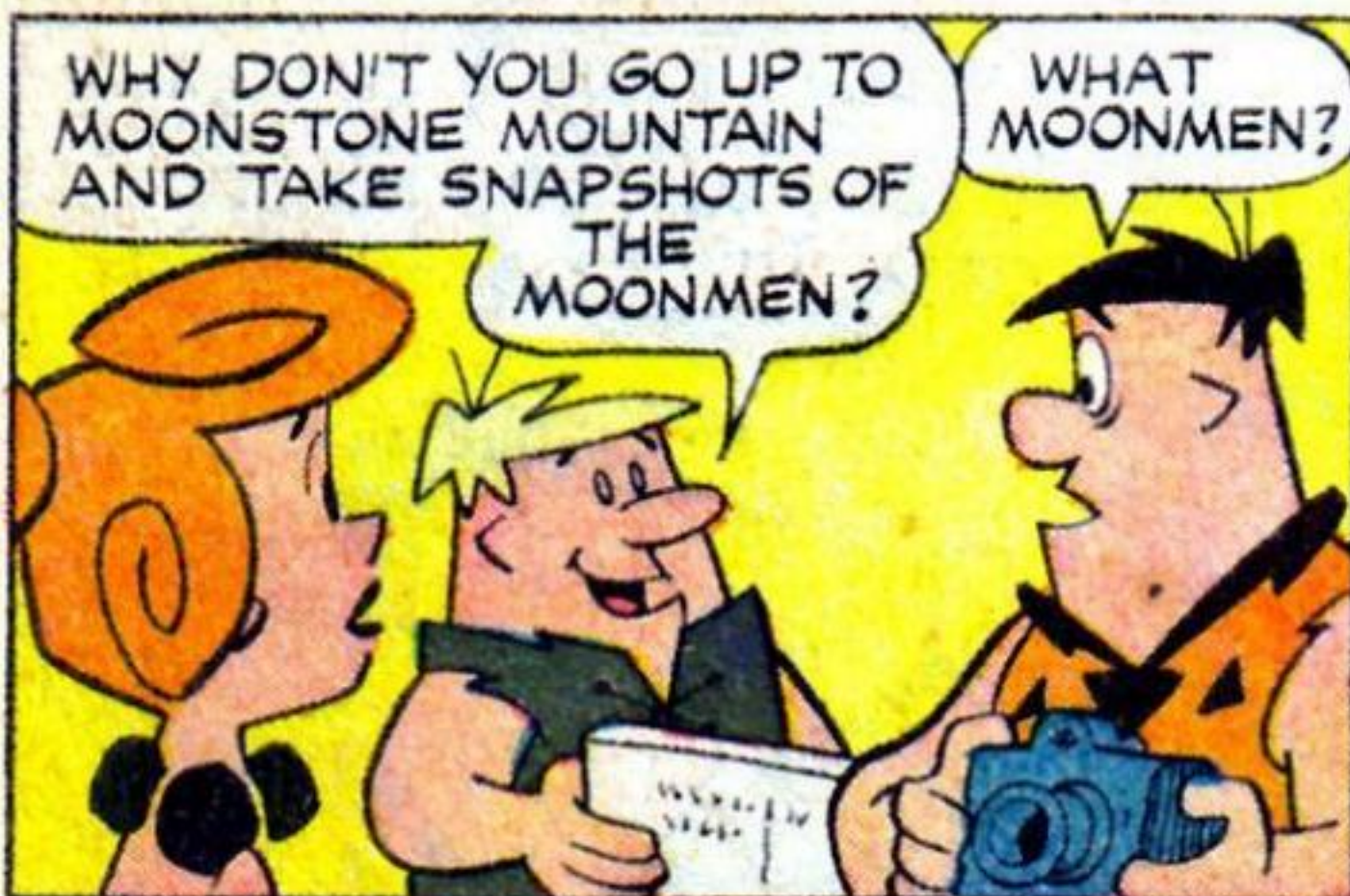


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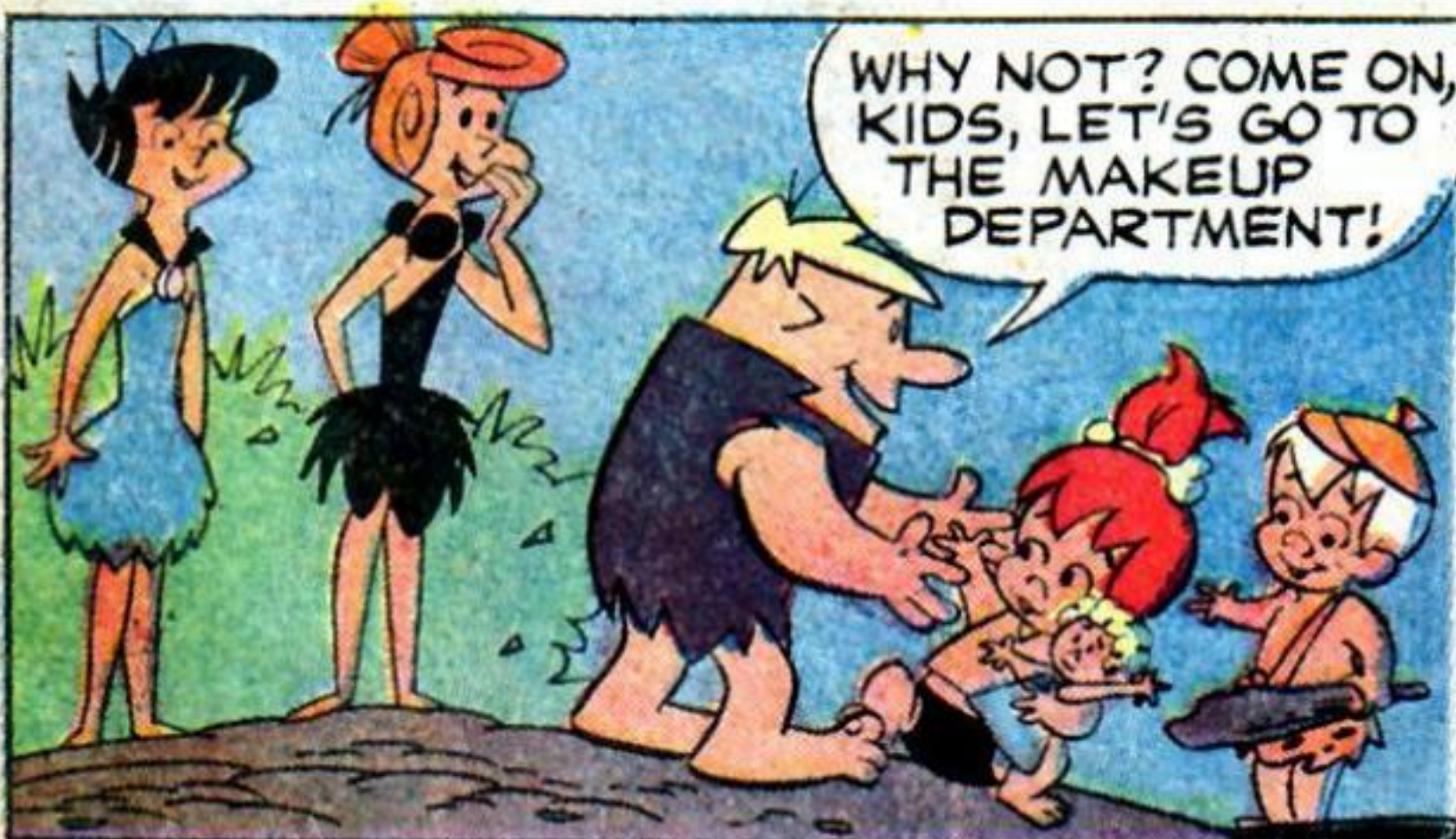
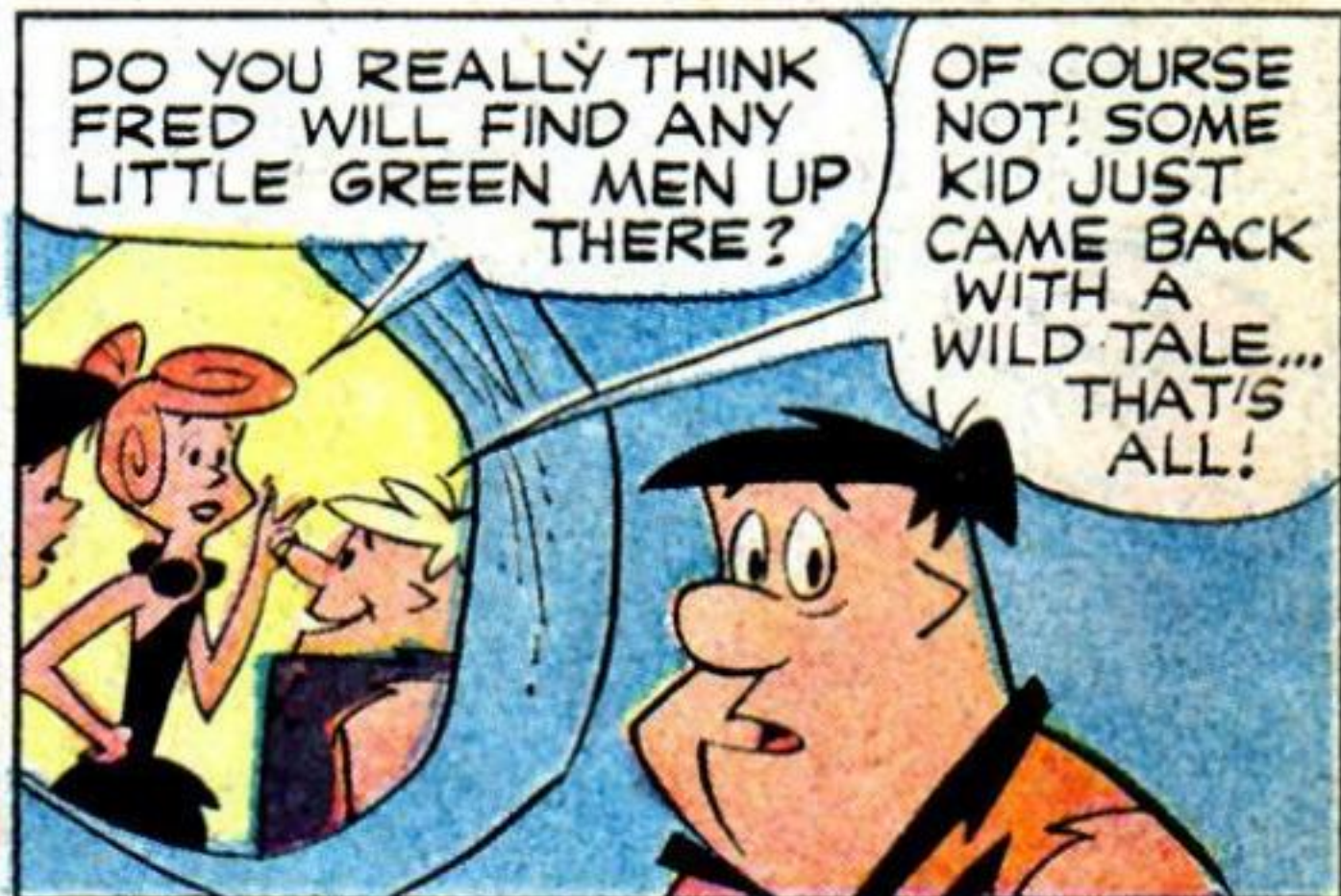






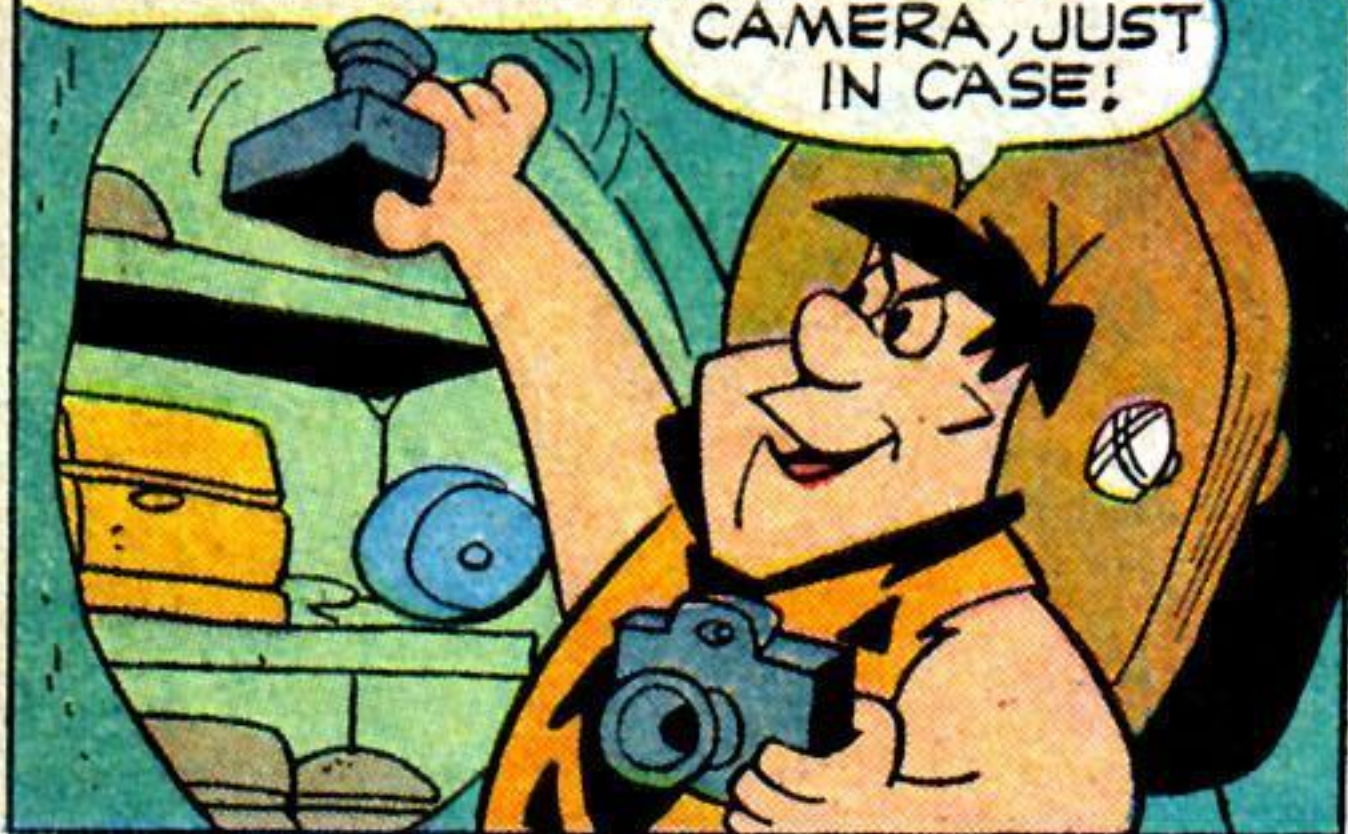








I'LL TAKE ALONG MY TRICK  
CAMERA, JUST  
IN CASE!



IF BARNEY DOES PUT THOSE  
TWO UP TO ANY MONKEY  
BUSINESS I'LL TEACH THEM  
A LESSON!



SHORTLY...

HERE I AM AT THE  
TOP! THINGS SHOULD  
START CRACKIN'  
SOON!

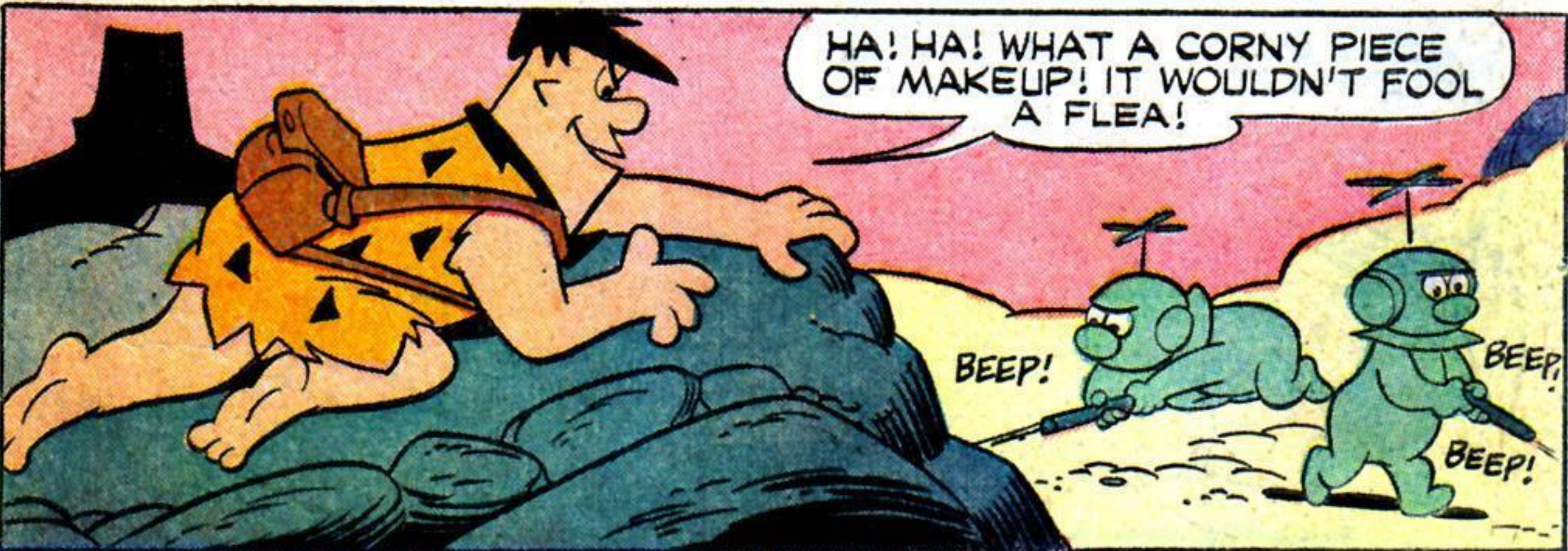


THAT MUST  
BE THEM  
NOW!

BEEP!  
BEEP!



HA! HA! WHAT A CORNY PIECE  
OF MAKEUP! IT WOULDN'T FOOL  
A FLEA!

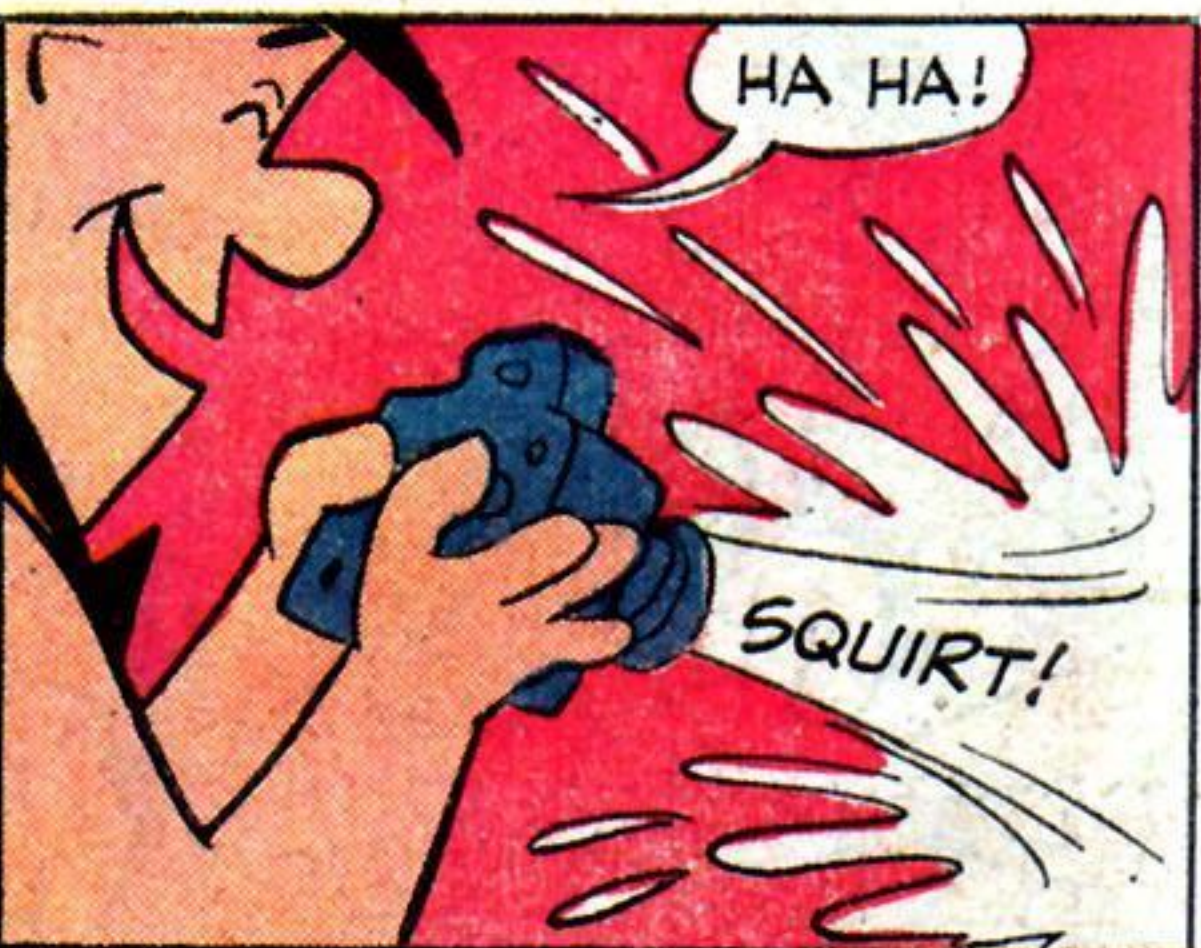


OKAY,  
MOONMEN,  
SAY  
CHEESE!

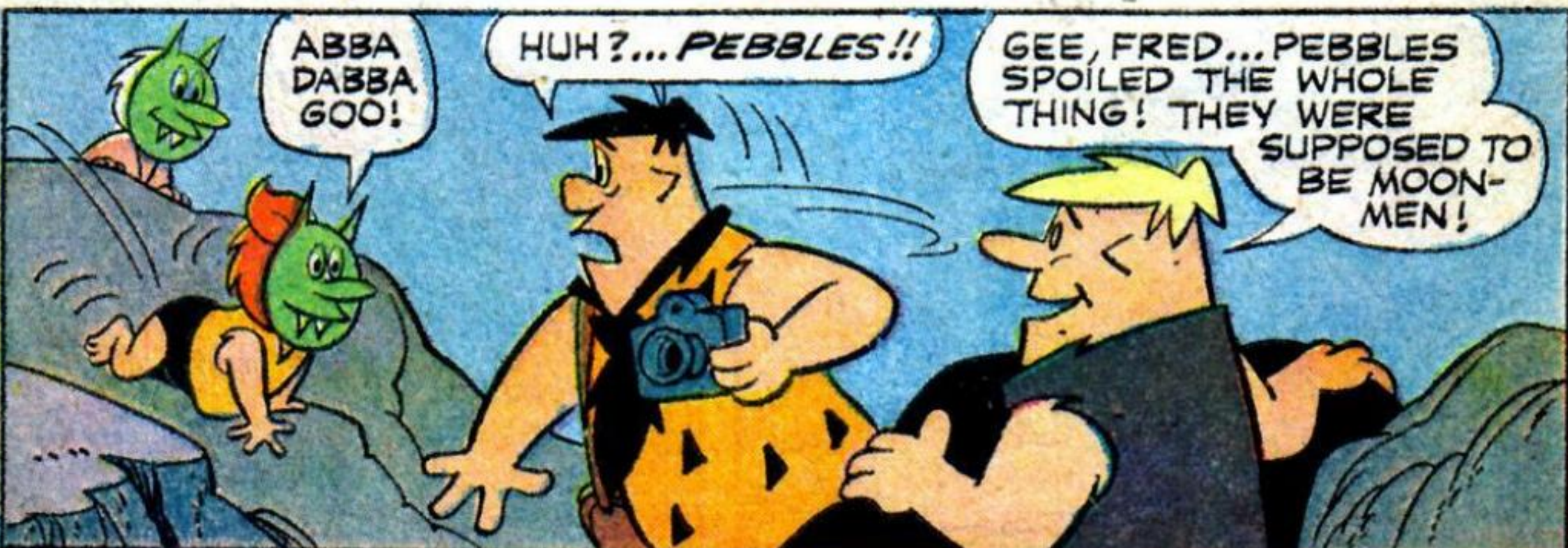
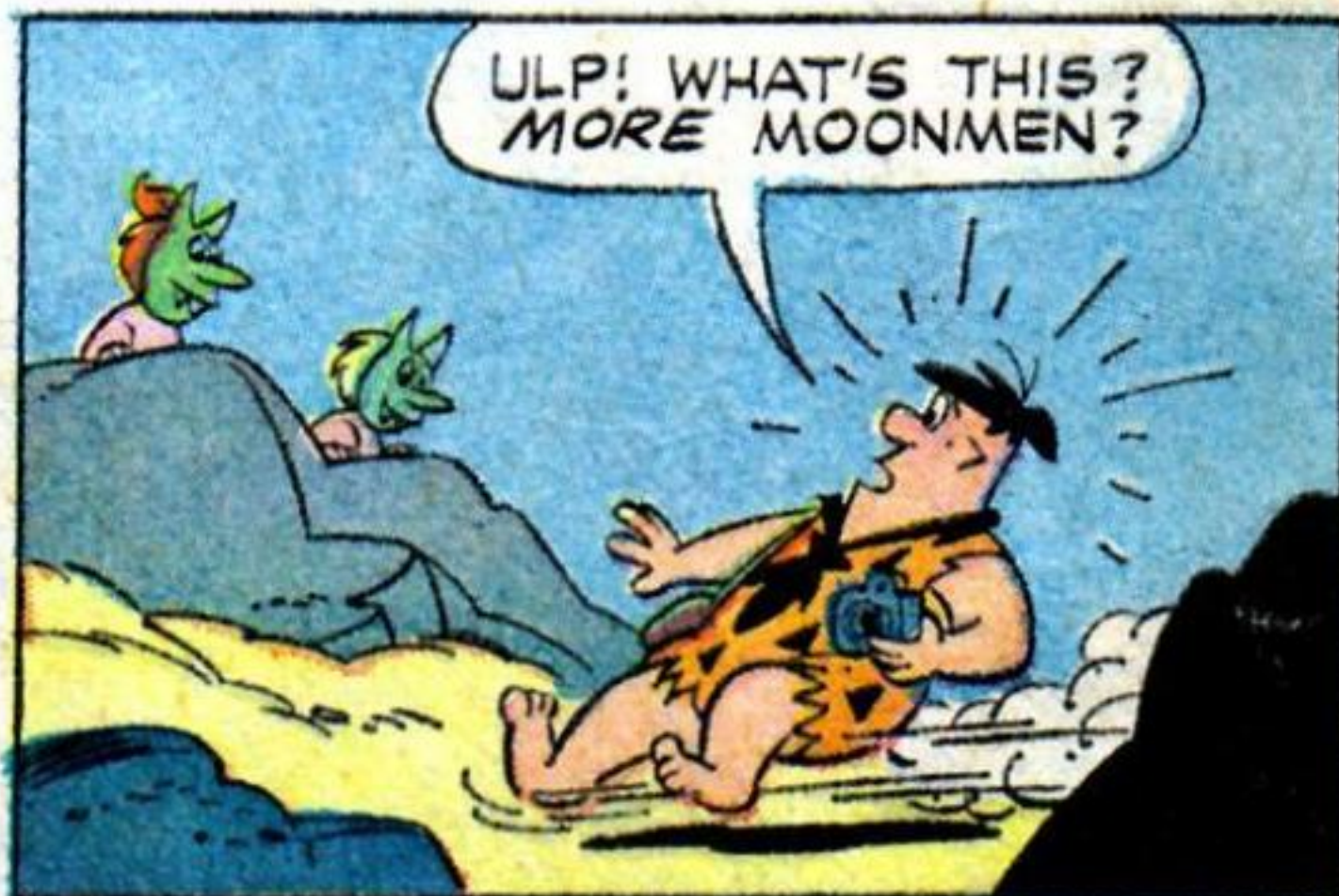


HA HA!

SQUIRT!



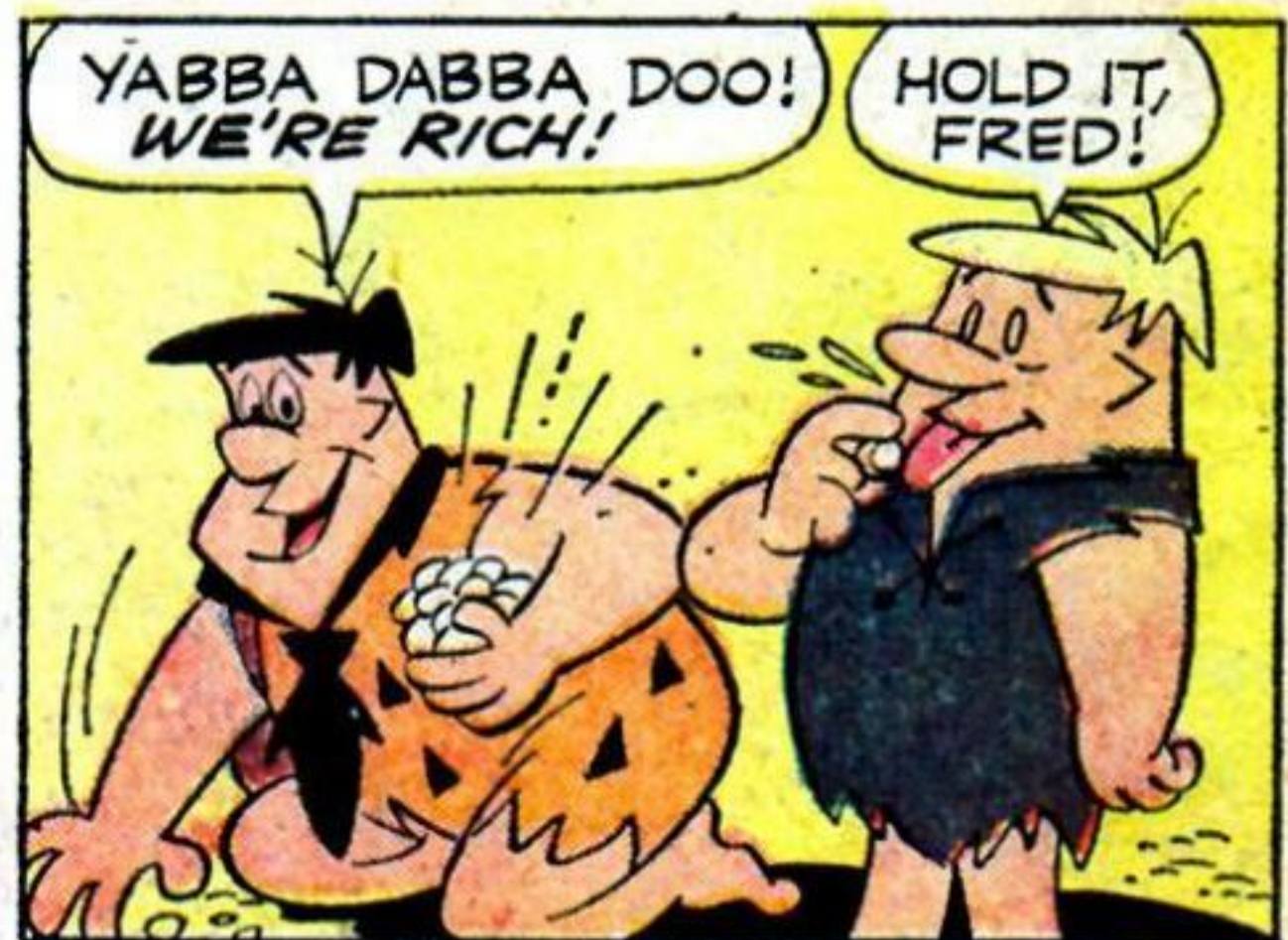










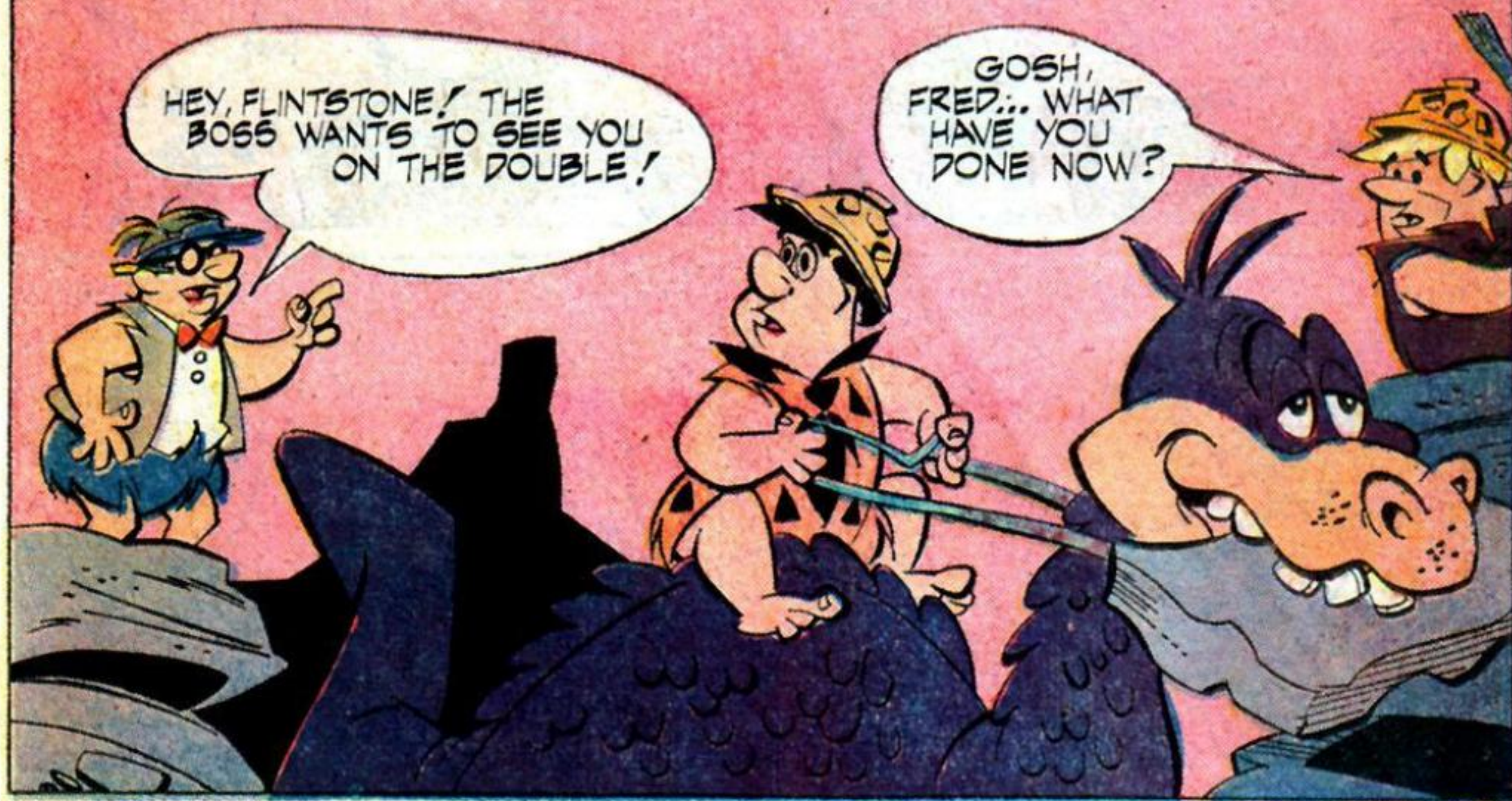




# LOSER'S LUCK

HEY, FLINTSTONE! THE  
BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU  
ON THE DOUBLE!

GOSH,  
FRED... WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE NOW?



MUST BE ABOUT THAT  
SLAB OF  
ROCK I  
BROKE!

MIGHT AS WELL  
FACE THE  
MUSIC,  
FRED!



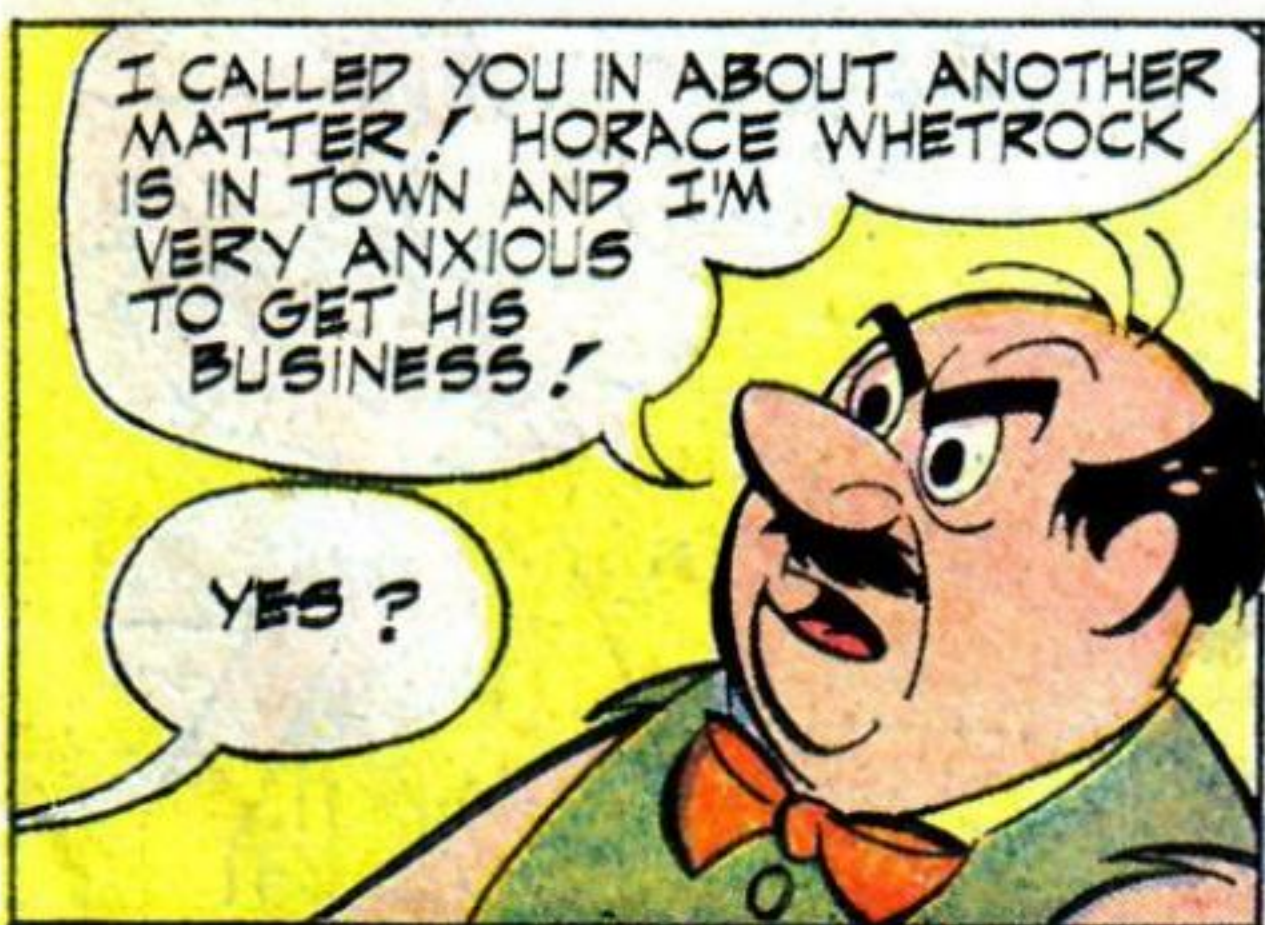
ABOUT THAT SLAB  
OF ROCK I  
SMASHED! IT WAS  
LIKE **THIS**  
BOSS...

SLAB OF  
ROCK? WE'LL  
TALK ABOUT  
THAT LATER,  
FLINTSTONE!



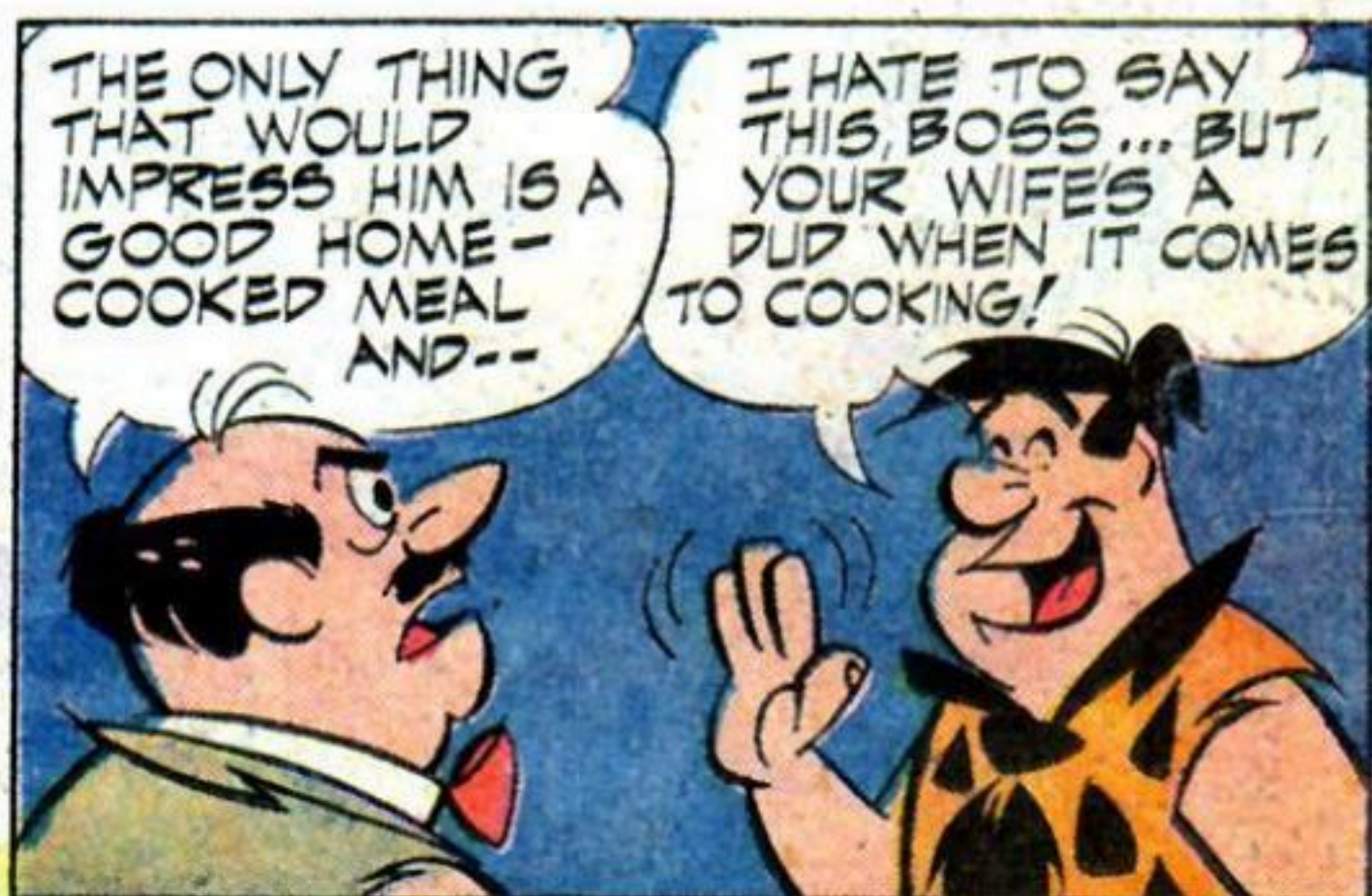
I CALLED YOU IN ABOUT ANOTHER  
MATTER! HORACE WHETROCK  
IS IN TOWN AND I'M  
VERY ANXIOUS  
TO GET HIS  
BUSINESS!

YES?



THE ONLY THING  
THAT WOULD  
IMPRESS HIM IS A  
GOOD HOME-  
COOKED MEAL  
AND--

I HATE TO SAY  
THIS, BOSS... BUT,  
YOUR WIFE'S A  
DUD WHEN IT COMES  
TO COOKING!







EXACTLY! BUT HOW ABOUT **YOUR** WIFE? I HEAR SHE'S A **FINE** COOK!

WILMA SERVES THE BEST PTERODACTYL-UNDER-GLASS IN TOWN!



GOOD! I'VE ARRANGED TO MEET WHETROCK AT **YOUR** HOUSE AT SIX O'CLOCK! GO HOME AND GET THINGS UNDER WAY!

YES, SIR!



So...

OH, WILMA! GUESS WHAT!

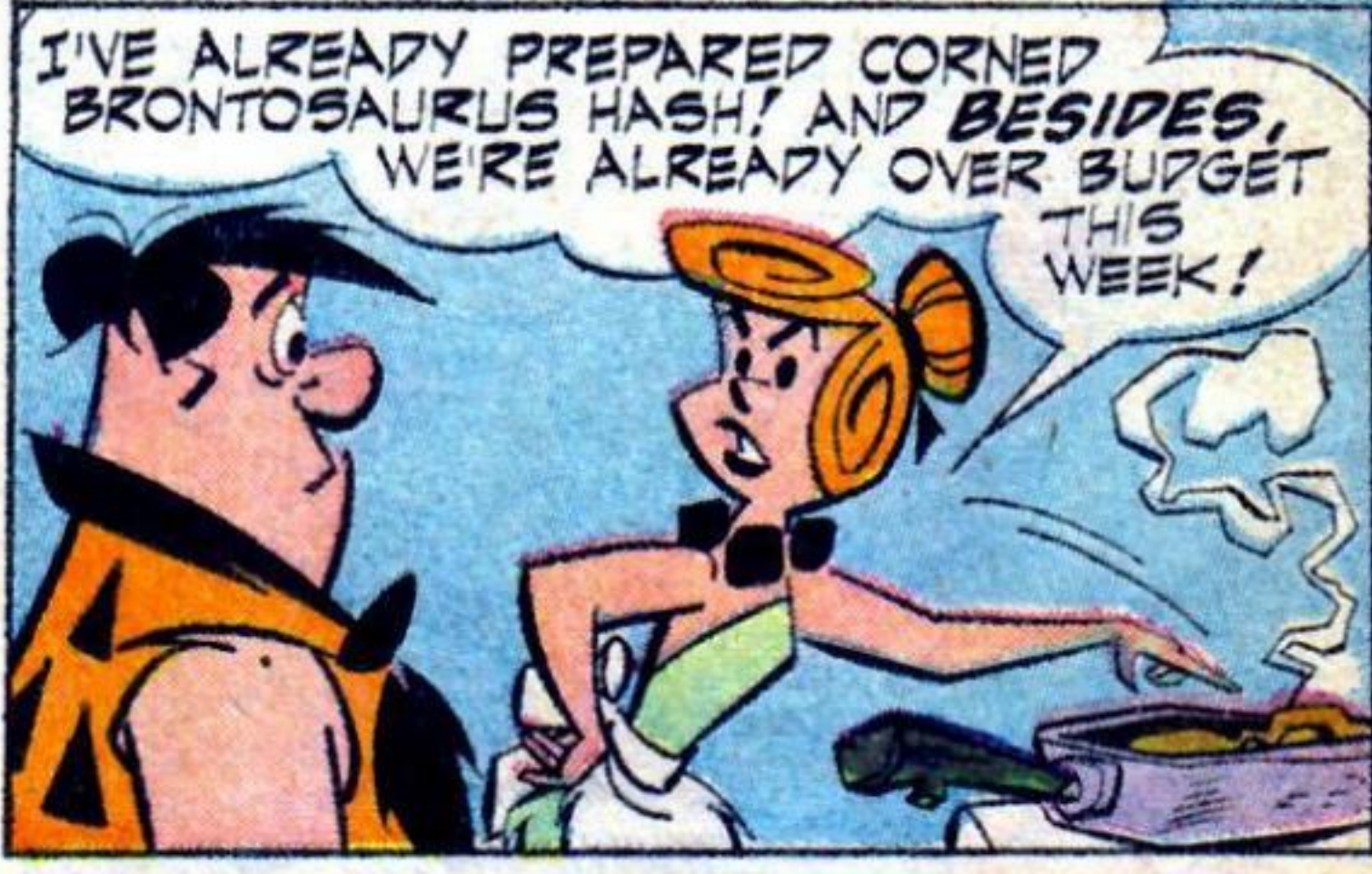
YOU GOT FIRED!



NO, NO! THE BOSS HAS ARRANGED FOR US TO ENTERTAIN AN IMPORTANT CLIENT, AND... ENTERTAIN?



HE WANTS YOU TO PREPARE ONE OF YOUR FAMOUS PTERODACTYL-UNDER-GLASS DINNERS!



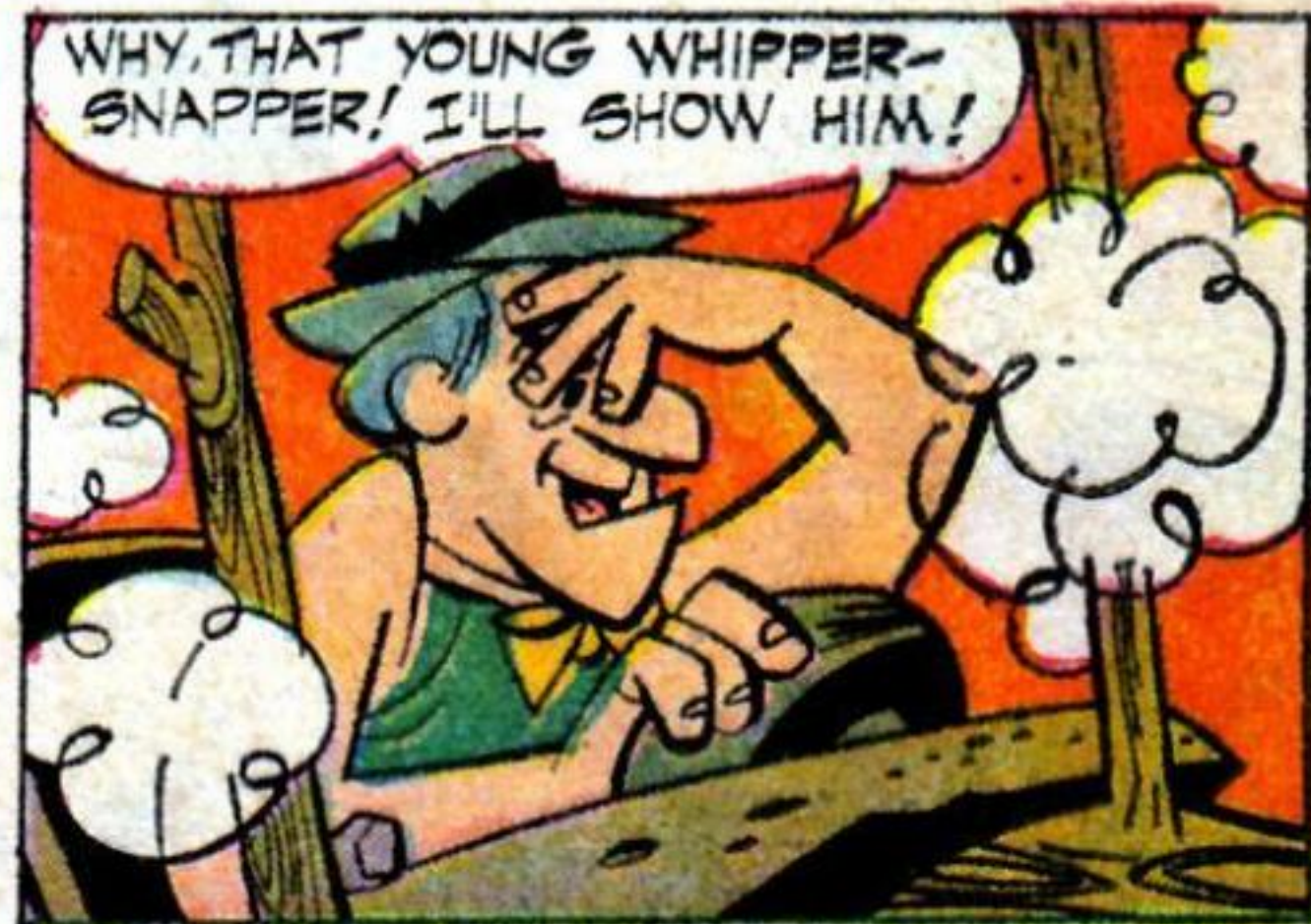
I'VE ALREADY PREPARED CORNED BRONTOSAURUS HASH! AND **BESIDES**, WE'RE ALREADY OVER BUDGET THIS WEEK!



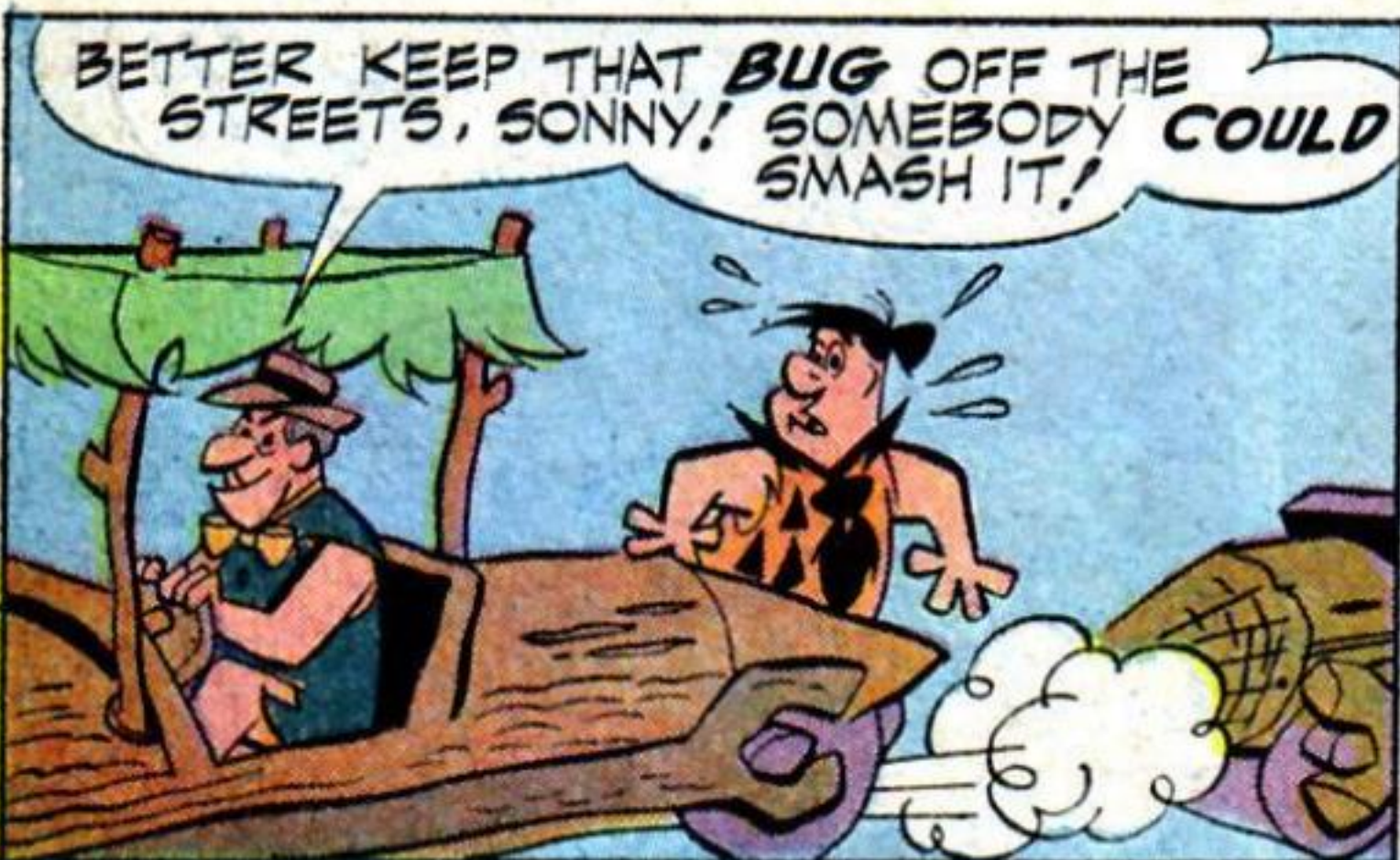
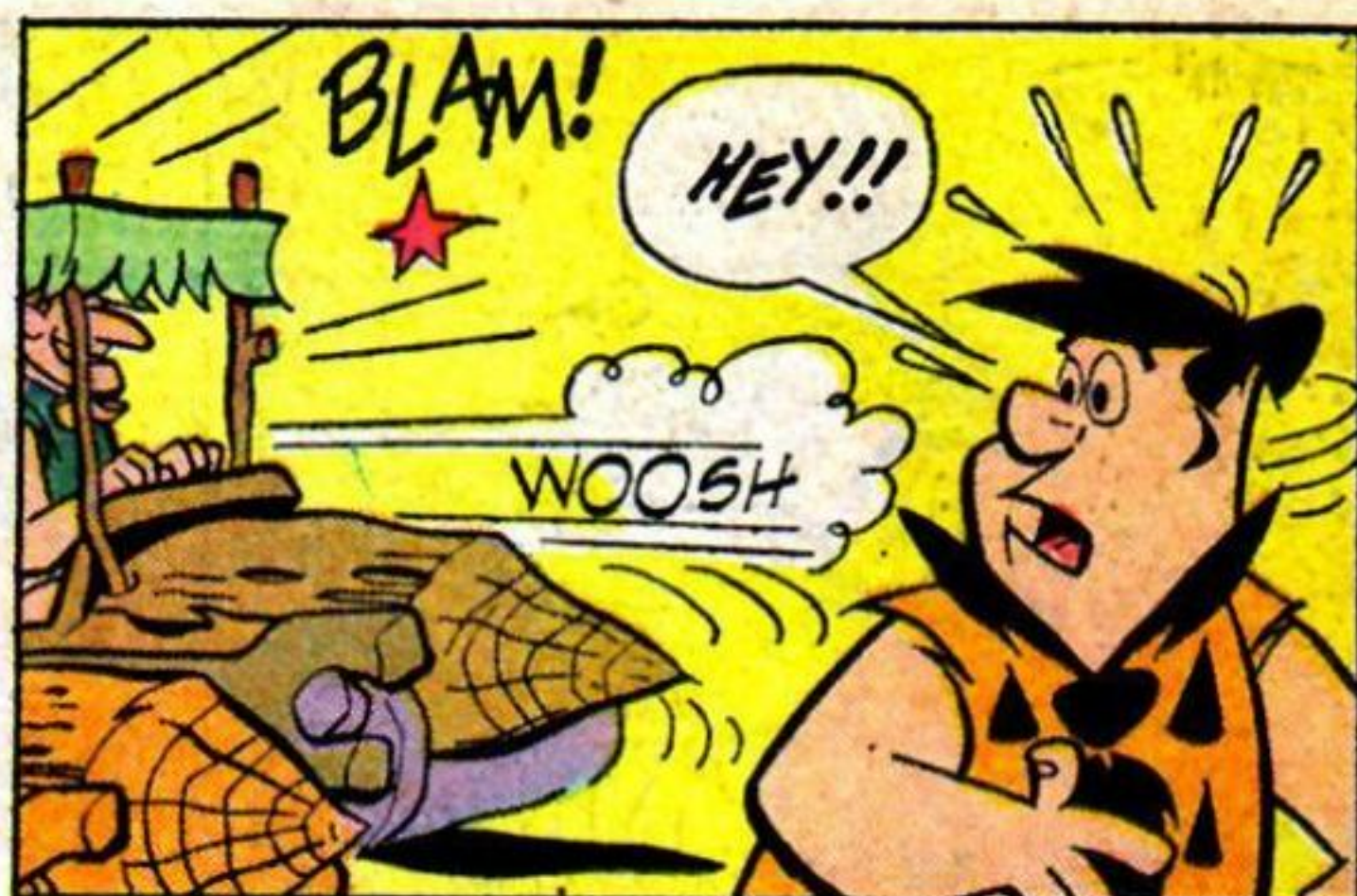
BUT, THIS CLIENT IS **HORACE WHETROCK**, A VERY IMPORTANT MAN! WE'VE BEEN SAVING OUR SMALL CHANGE FOR A RAINY DAY AND... BELIEVE ME... **THIS IS IT!!**

WELL...

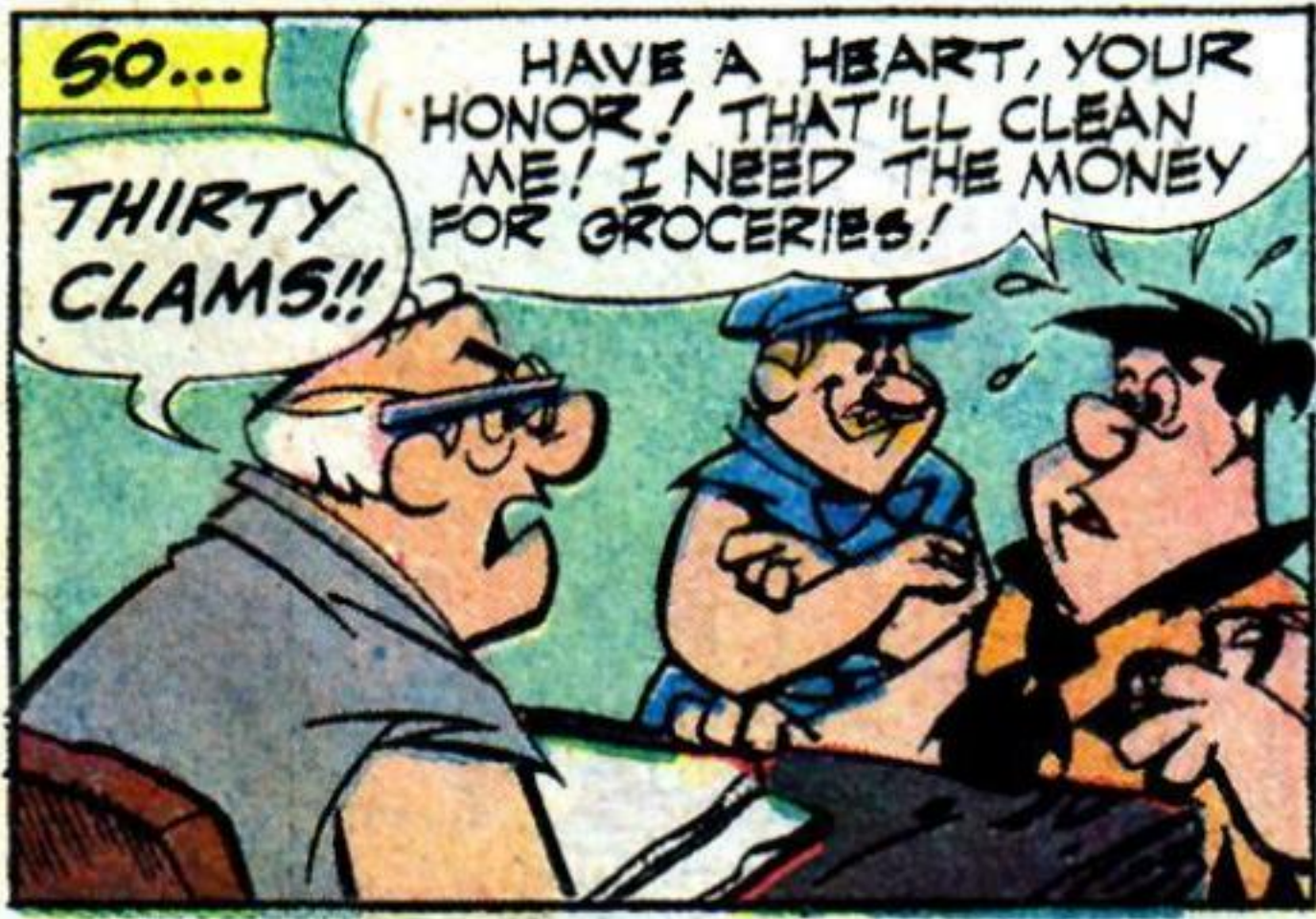




















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Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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THE POLKA-DOTTED FREAK



Merry Liz Panfely  
San Antonio, Texas

Loves to dance the polka.

NUTTY TUTU MONSTER



Sandra Stigale  
Philadelphia,  
Pennsylvania

Goes around saying "I am a nutty tutu."

MOLECULE DUMB DUMB



Billy Peet  
Staatsburg, New York

Looks at something and turns it to molecules.

THE HANDSHAKER



Tony Martin  
Amarillo, Texas

Anyone who shakes his hand falls apart.

MUMMYMAN OF MONGOLIA



Michael Rizzo  
San Antonio, Texas

Stares people to death.

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MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

# The TEA PARTY PANIC

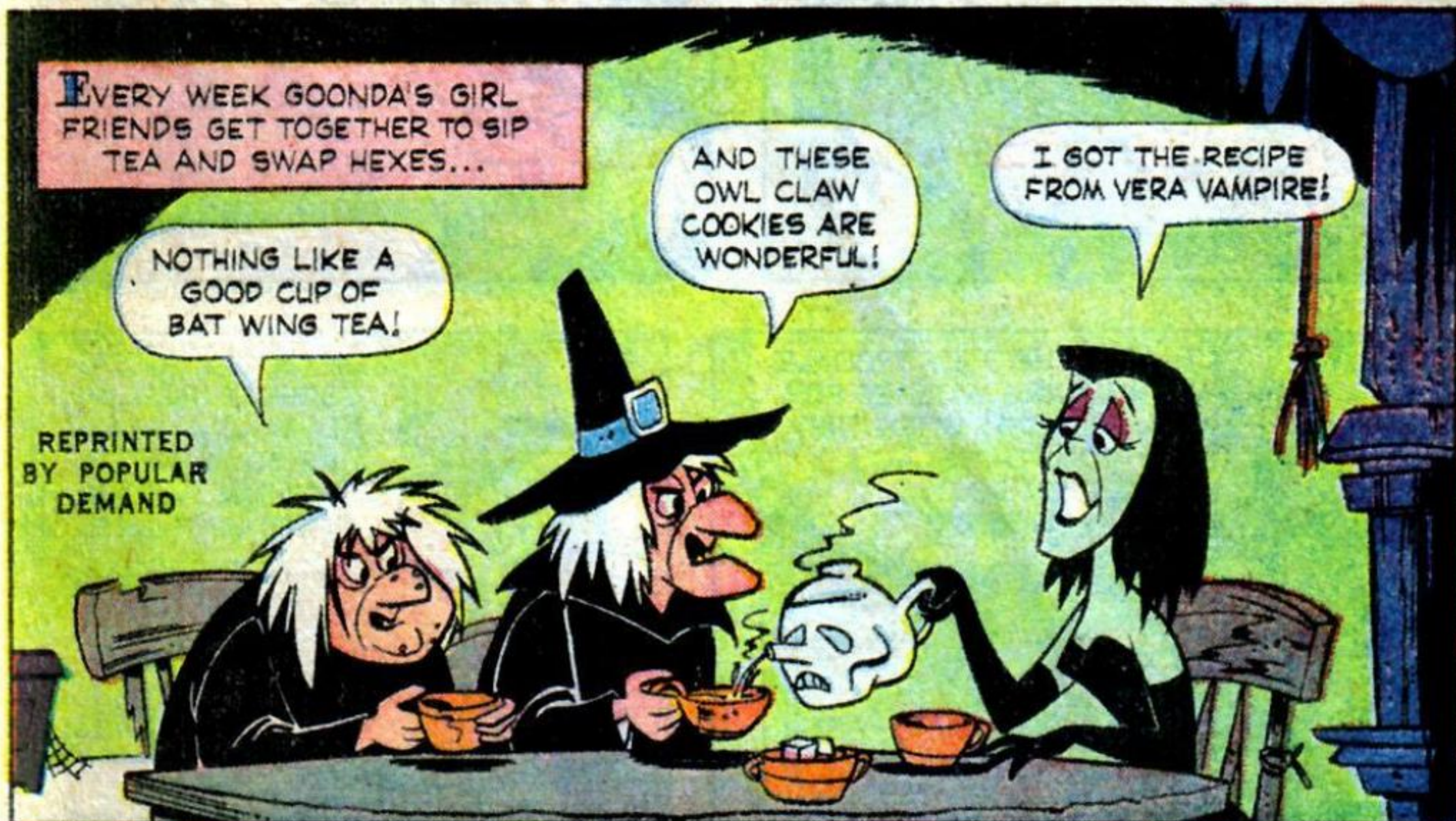
EVERY WEEK GOONDA'S GIRL FRIENDS GET TOGETHER TO SIP TEA AND SWAP HEXES...

NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CUP OF BAT WING TEA!

REPRINTED  
BY POPULAR  
DEMAND

AND THESE OWL CLAW COOKIES ARE WONDERFUL!

I GOT THE RECIPE FROM VERA VAMPIRE!

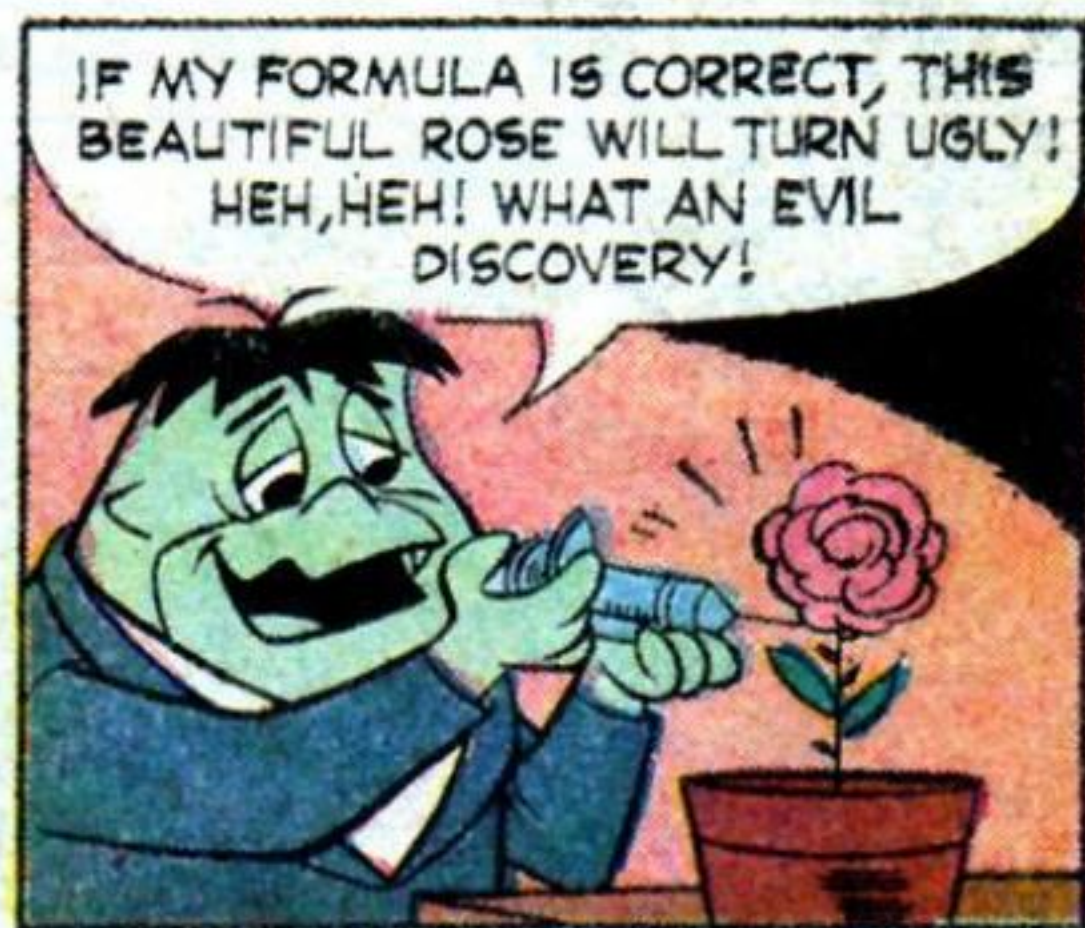


MEANWHILE, J. EVIL SCIENTIST IS BUSY IN HIS LAB...

THIS WILL BE MY GREATEST INVENTION YET... **INSTANT UGLINESS!**



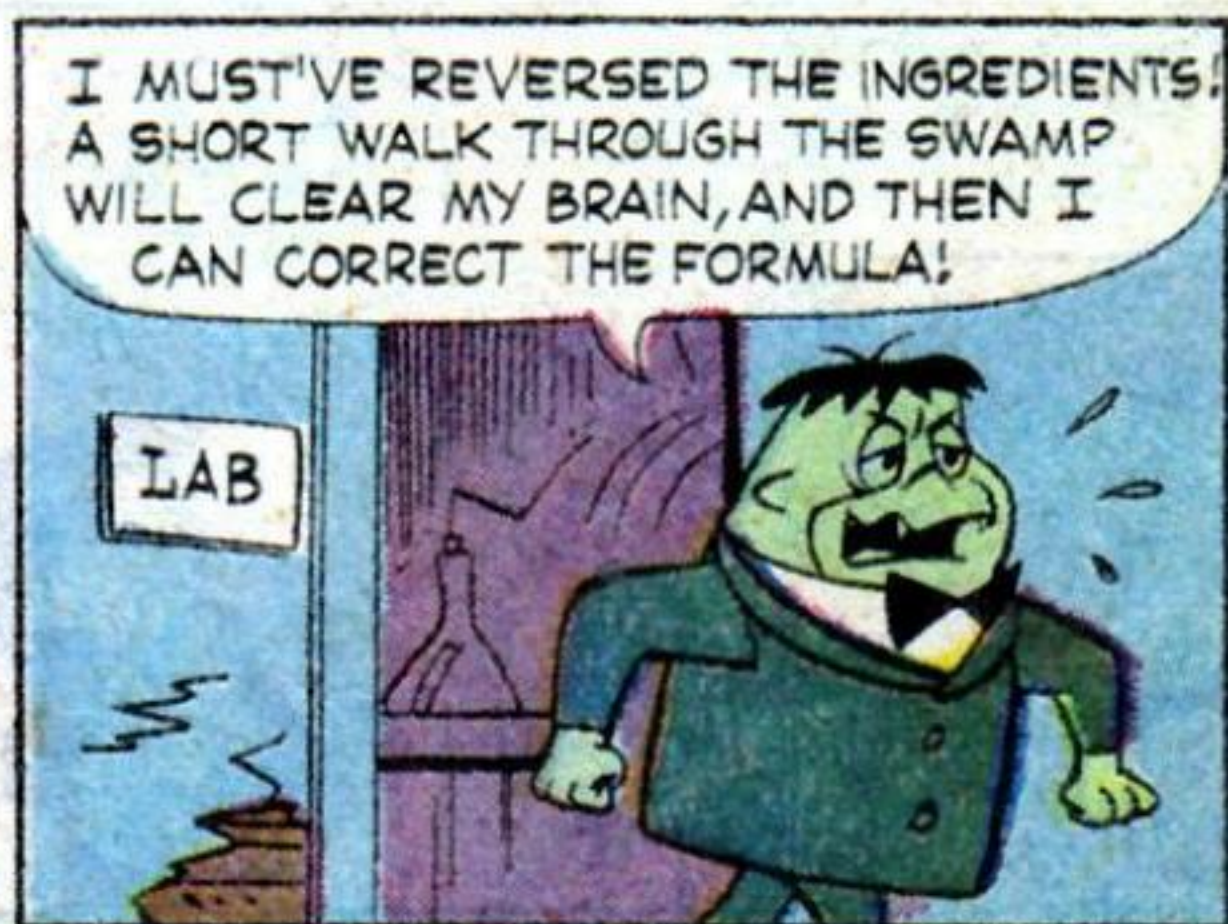
IF MY FORMULA IS CORRECT, THIS BEAUTIFUL ROSE WILL TURN UGLY! HEH, HEH! WHAT AN EVIL DISCOVERY!



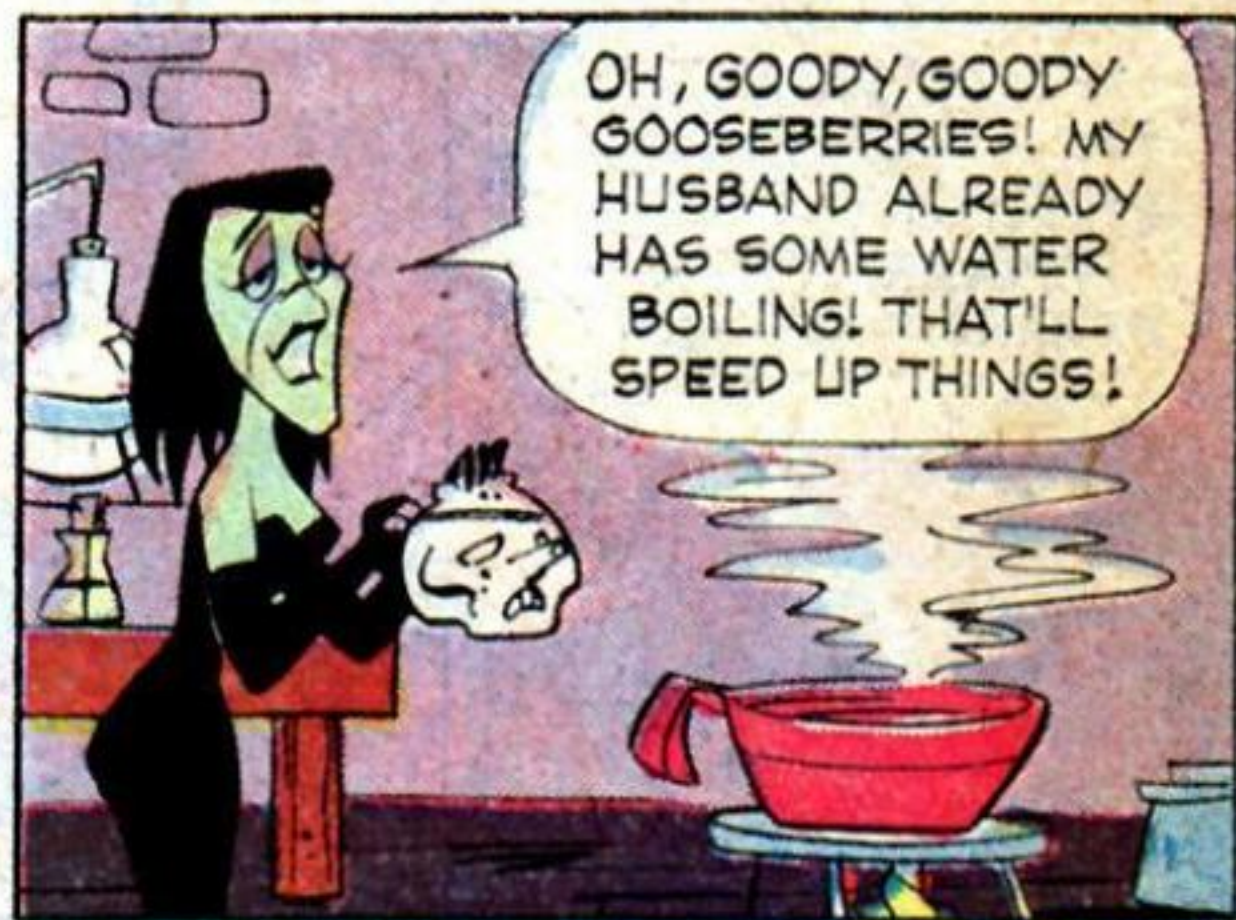
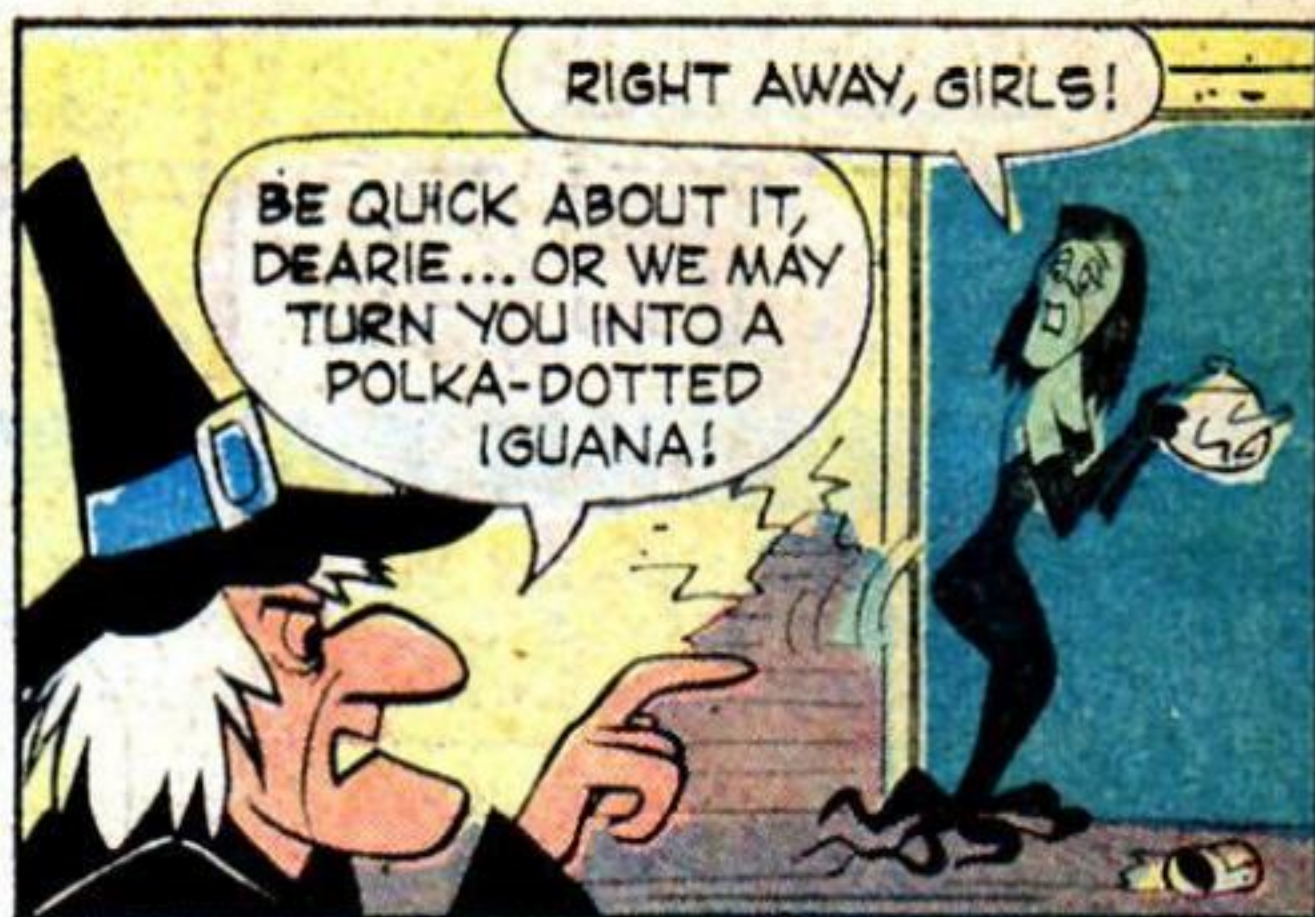
EEEK! IT MADE THE PLANT **MORE** BEAUTIFUL! HOW AWFUL!



I MUST'VE REVERSED THE INGREDIENTS! A SHORT WALK THROUGH THE SWAMP WILL CLEAR MY BRAIN, AND THEN I CAN CORRECT THE FORMULA!











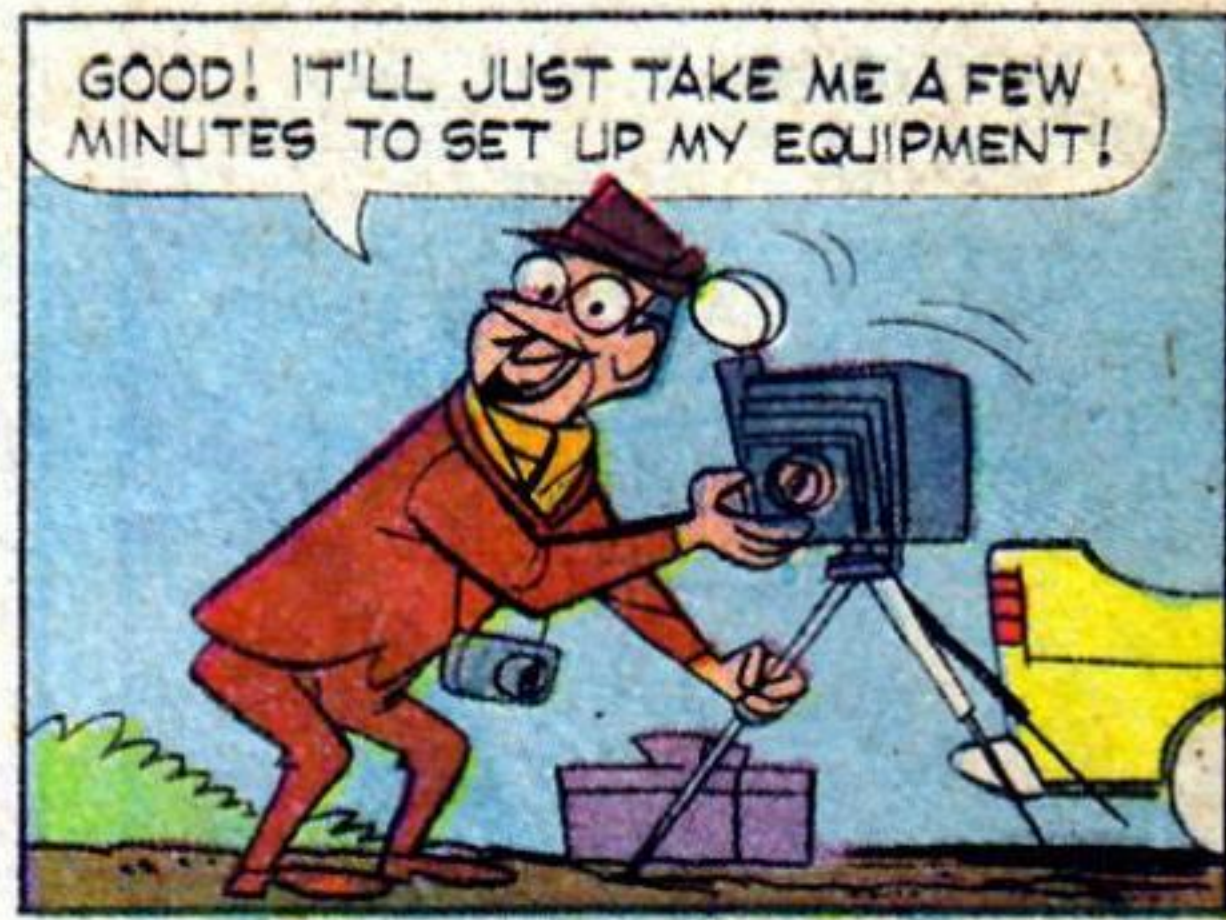
POOF!



POOF!





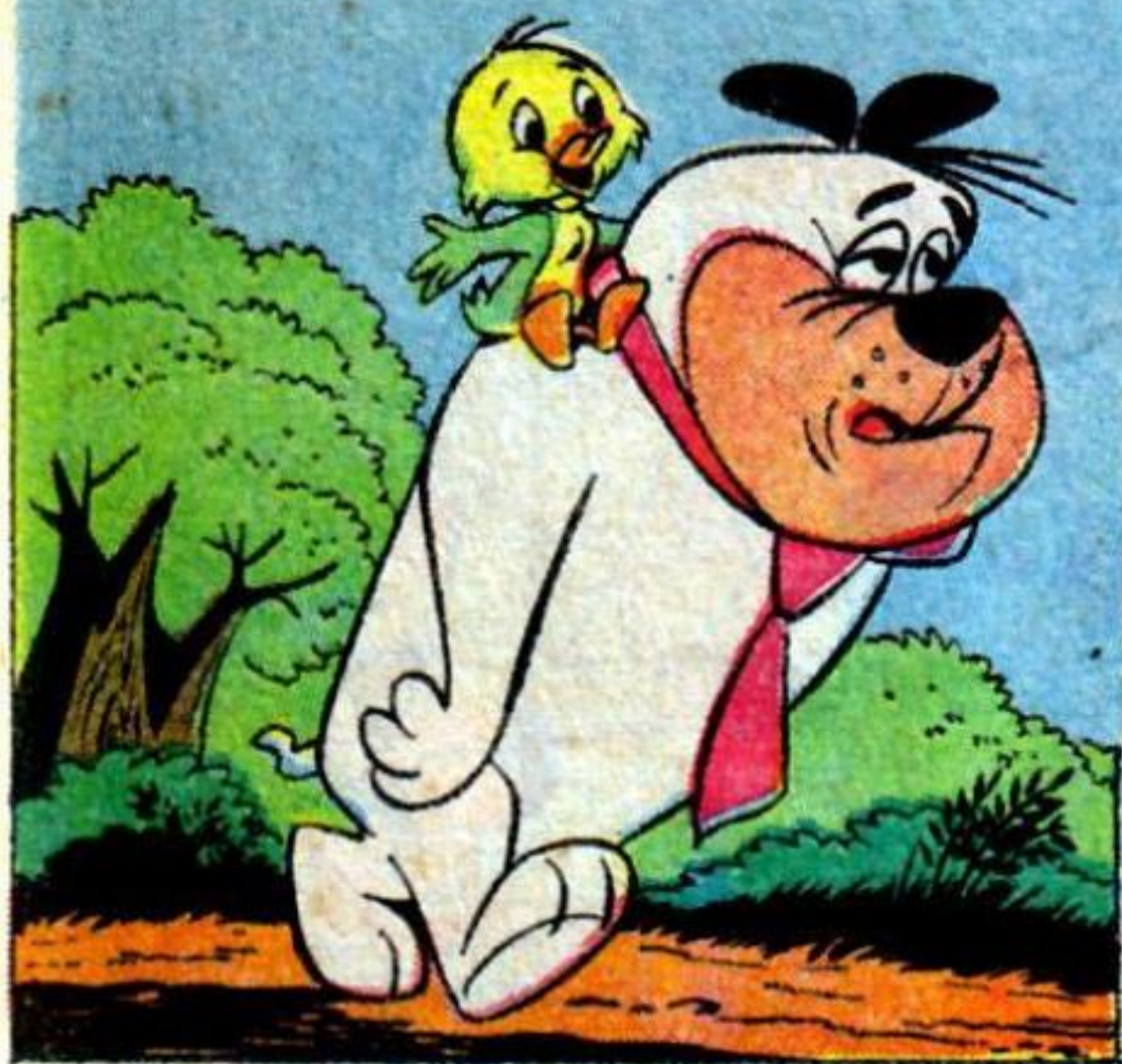


POOF!





# YAKKY DOODLE'S WONDERFUL DAY



"Oh, my, what a wonderful day!" exclaimed Yakky Doodle, as he stepped out into bright sunshine, with blue skies overhead. "The birds are singing, the flowers are blooming, and ducks are ducking along," he laughed, as he set out to visit Chopper.

"Doo-doodley-doo," he sang, waddling down the lane. "A happy day to you! Doo-doodley-dee . . . as happy as can be!"

A few moments later, as he neared his friend's home, Yakky stopped short, for there, lying quietly with closed eyes, was Chopper, his mouth drooping.

"Aw, poor Chopper," said Yakky. "I'm glad I came to see him. I must cheer him up. No one should be sad today."

Yakky patted Chopper's head in sympathy and said, "There, there, Chopper, everything will be all right."

When Chopper failed to move, Yakky stood on tiptoe and shouted into his ear, "Don't feel bad, Chopper! I've come to cheer you up and make you happy!"

"Huh? What?" said Chopper, opening one eye and snorting a little, as he came out of his sleep. "Oh, it's you, little fella." Then, opening both eyes, he asked, "What's the

trouble? Something wrong?"

"Oh, no," answered Yakky. "It's just such a wonderful day, you should be happy."

"M-m-m," murmured Chopper, dropping back into his sleep. "I'm happy, I'm happy."

"But you don't look happy, Chopper," Yakky insisted, tugging on his friend's ear. "Don't you think it's a wonderful day?"

"Oh, sure, little fella," said Chopper sleepily. "A wonderful day."

"Good," said Yakky Doodle, climbing up on Chopper's back. "You look better already. Let's go for a walk and then you'll feel lots better. Come on, Chopper."

Chopper sighed, and with half-opened eyes, slowly got to his feet.

"Let's go to the pond, Chopper," Yakky suggested. "It's a wonderful day to swim."

Like a sleepwalker, Chopper started out for the pond, with Yakky sitting on his back, directing him, for his eyes were so heavy, he scarcely knew what he was doing. As they neared the pond, Yakky shouted, "Here we are, Chopper!" but he was too late. Ker-splash! Chopper and Yakky hit the water!

"Oh, boy, Chopper," said Yakky in delight. "Doesn't this feel good?"

"Blub-blub-blub," was Chopper's reply, as he sank slowly toward the bottom.

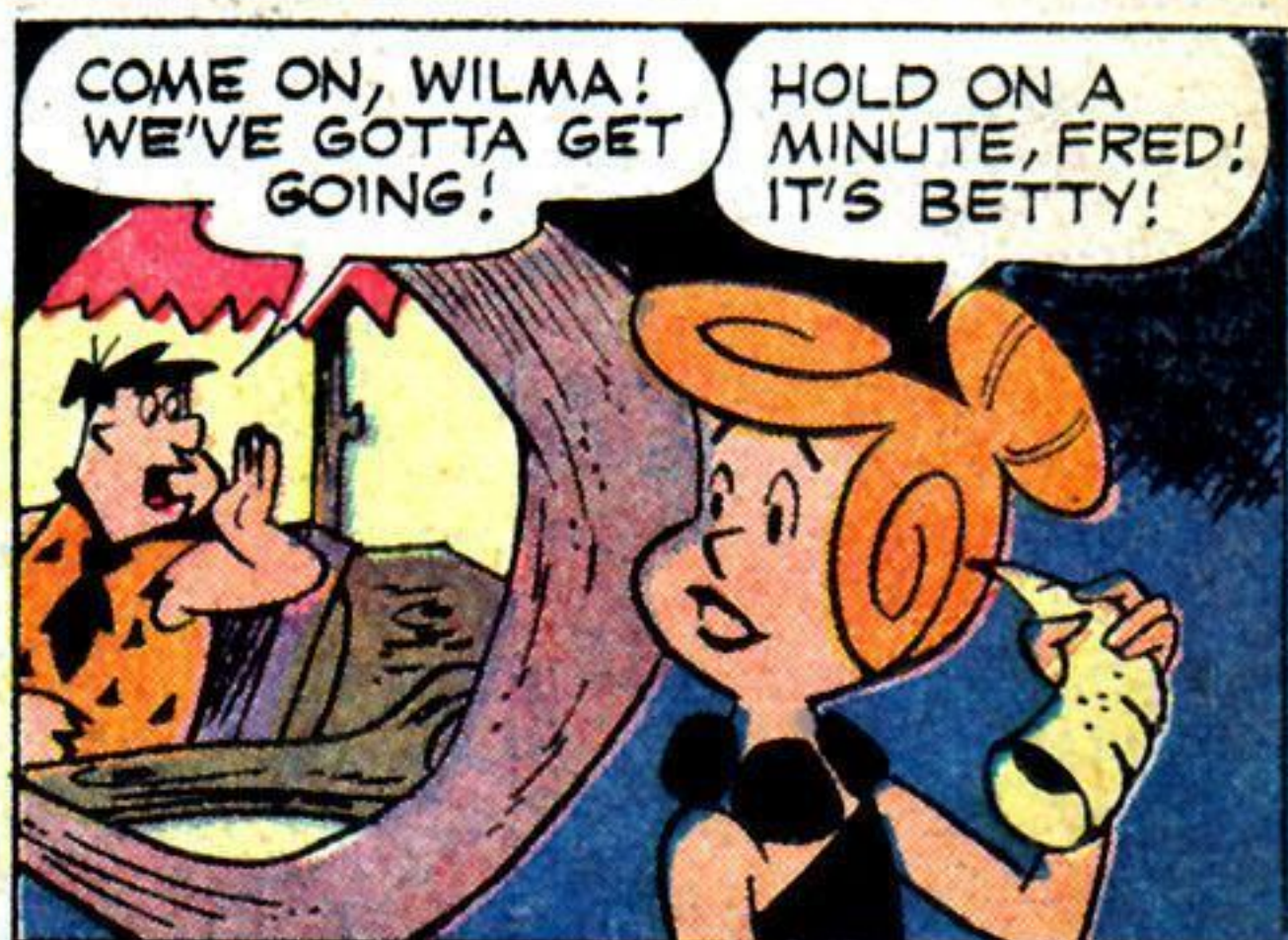
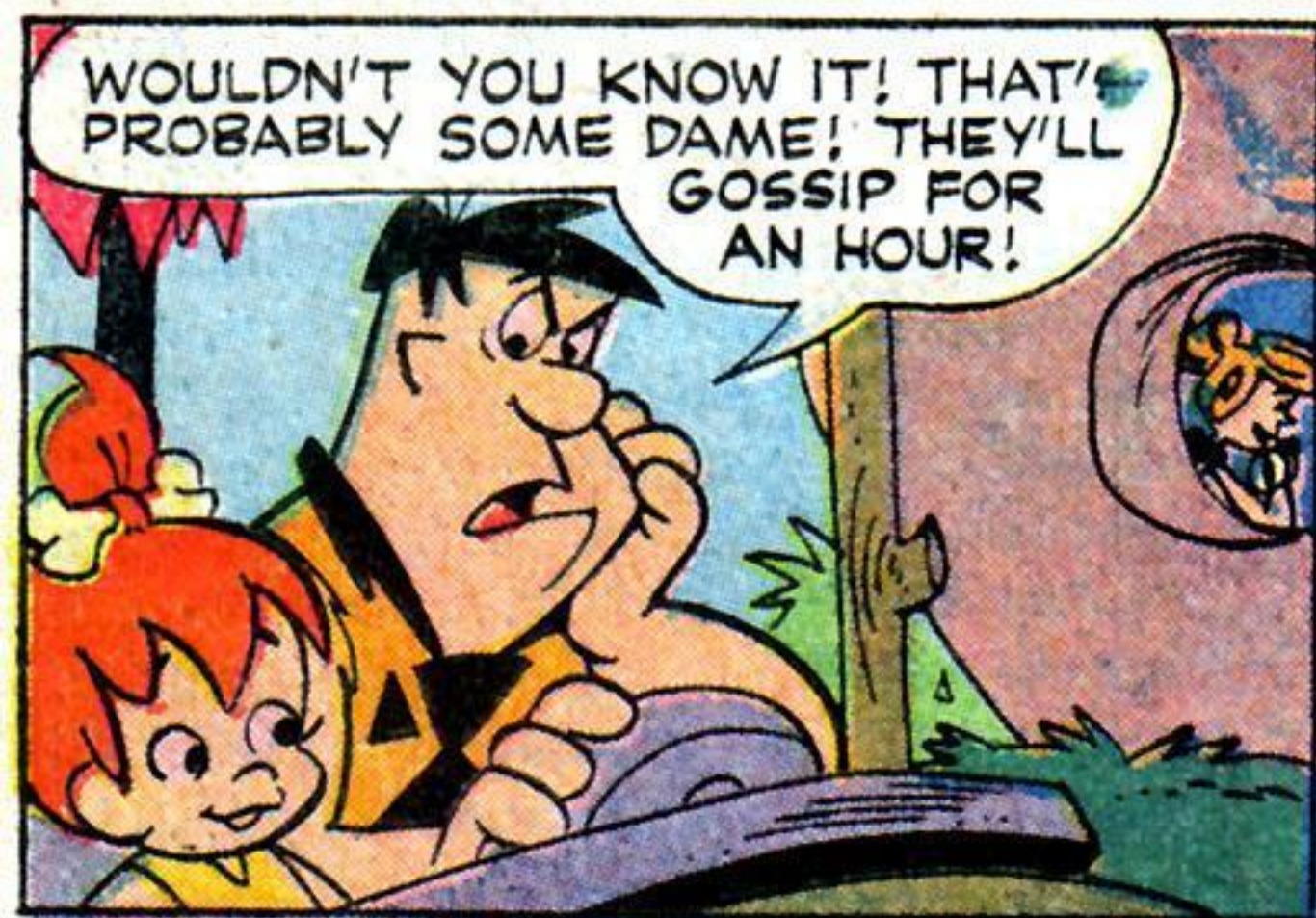
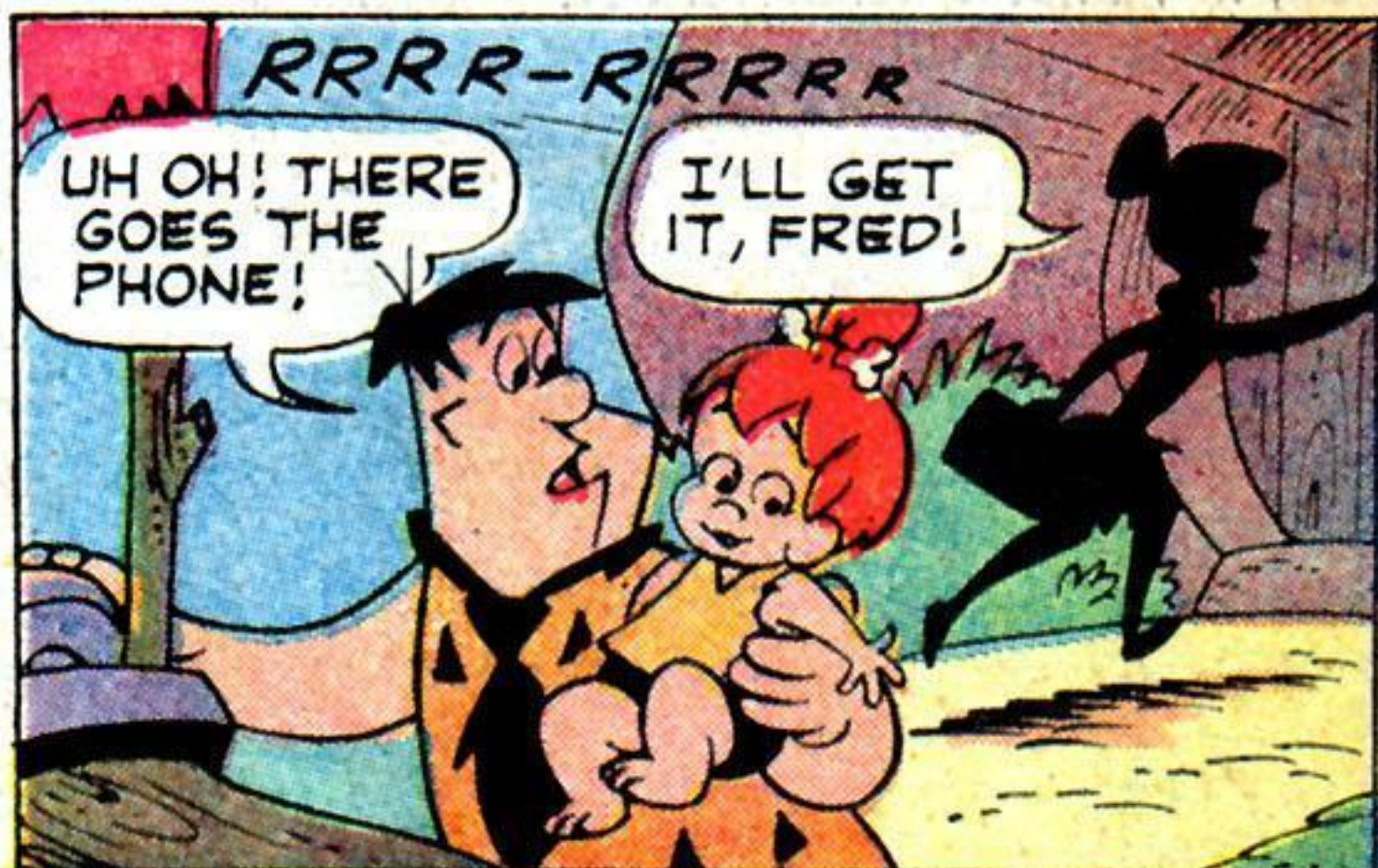
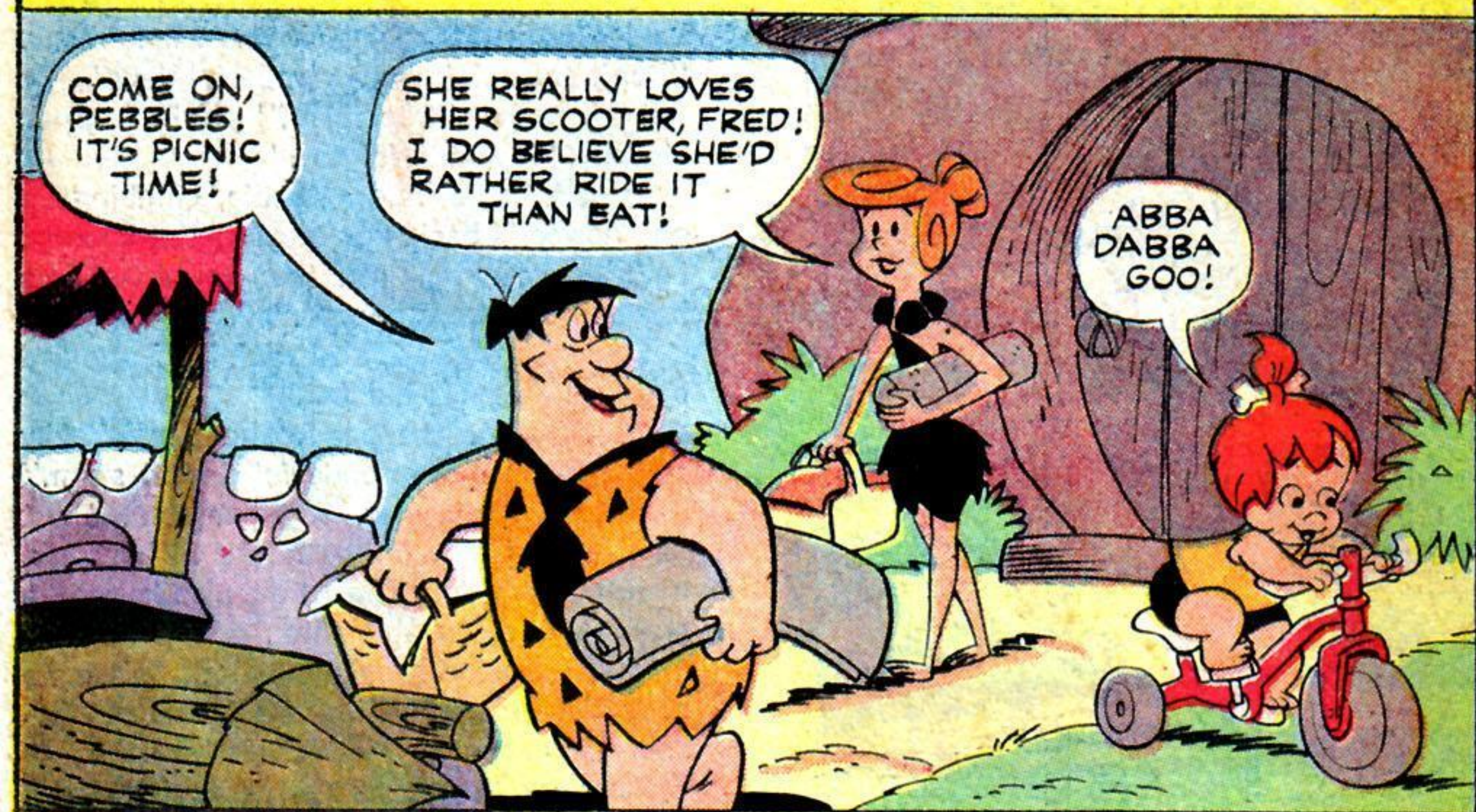
"I'll save you, Chopper, I'll save you!" shouted Yakky, grabbing Chopper's tail and swimming to the surface. By the time they were back on shore, Chopper was thoroughly awake, but not very happy!

"Aw, poor Chopper," quacked Yakky. "You lie down right here and rest. Close your eyes now. I'll watch over you."

"All right, little fella," said Chopper, and he blissfully closed his eyes. But just as he was settling into sleep again, Yakky said, "I'm getting hungry. We'd better go home now, Chopper."

So back home went Chopper and Yakky Doodle, the little duck's spirits high and Chopper's spirits sinking lower. At last, when Yakky left his friend with a cheerful, "See, Chopper, it's a wonderful day, after all," Chopper heartily agreed, "It sure is!" Then he added in his thoughts, ". . . now that I can get some sleep." Closing his eyes once more, he sighed, "Yakky's a cute little fella, all right, and he has made me real happy . . . by just going home!"







I FORGOT ABOUT THE **SUPER SALE** AT THE **GRINDSTONE DEPARTMENT STORE!**  
I THOUGHT IT WAS TOMORROW!

YOU MEAN YOU'D  
CALL OFF OUR  
PICNIC?

I'VE LOOKED FORWARD TO THIS  
SALE! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE  
PEBBLES AND GO ON!  
I **PROMISED**  
BETTY I'D  
GO WITH  
HER!

OH,  
ALL  
RIGHT!

LET'S MAKE LIKE WE  
PLANNED IT THIS WAY, PEBBLES!  
WE WILL HAVE FUN ALL BY  
OURSELVES!

HERE'S A FINE SPOT!  
JUST WHAT THE  
DOCTOR ORDERED!

YABBA  
DABBA  
GOO!

SHORTLY...

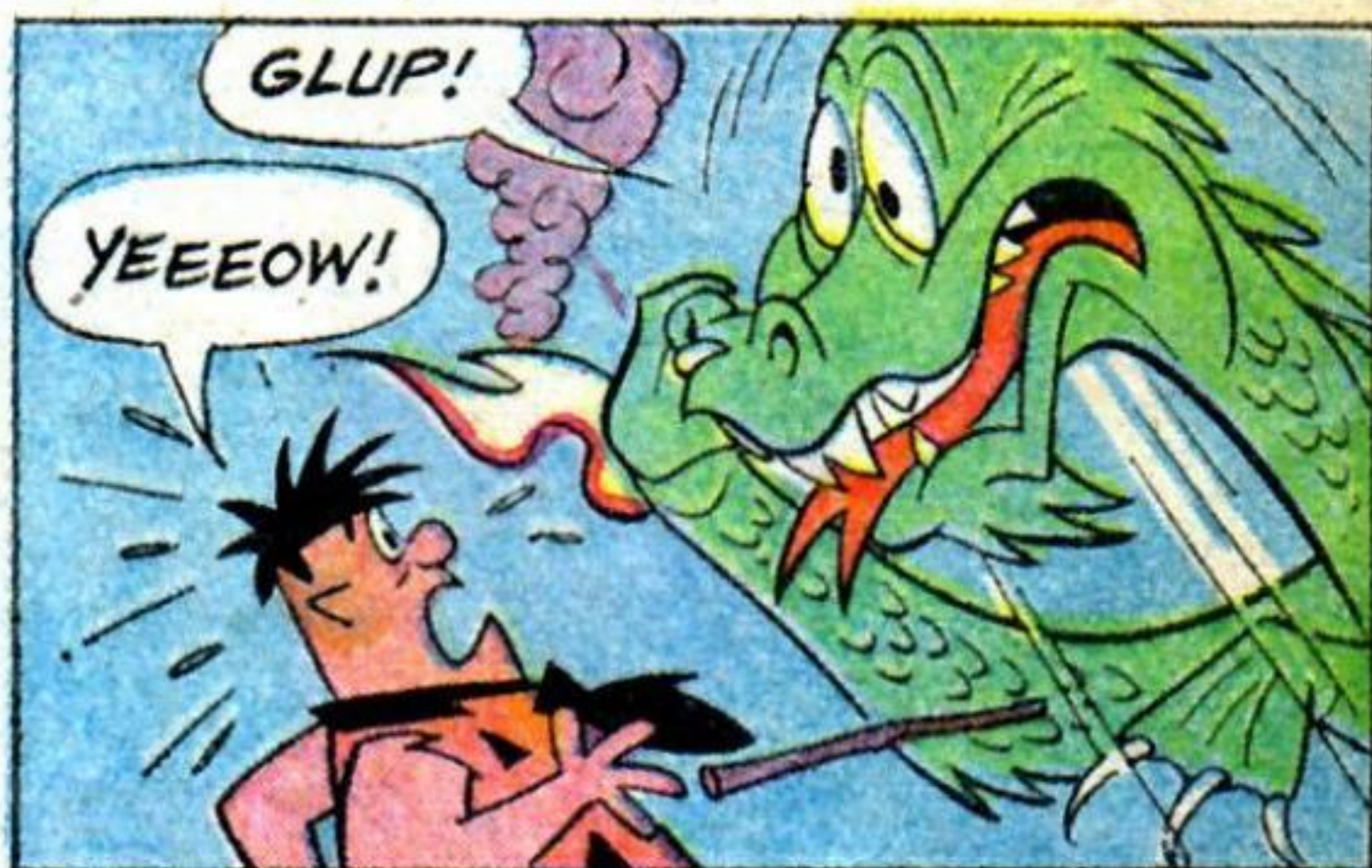
NOW DADDY WILL GET A FIRE GOING  
AND ROAST SOME HOT DOGGIESAURUSES!  
AND WE'LL TOAST MARSHMALLOWS,  
TOO!

DA  
DA!

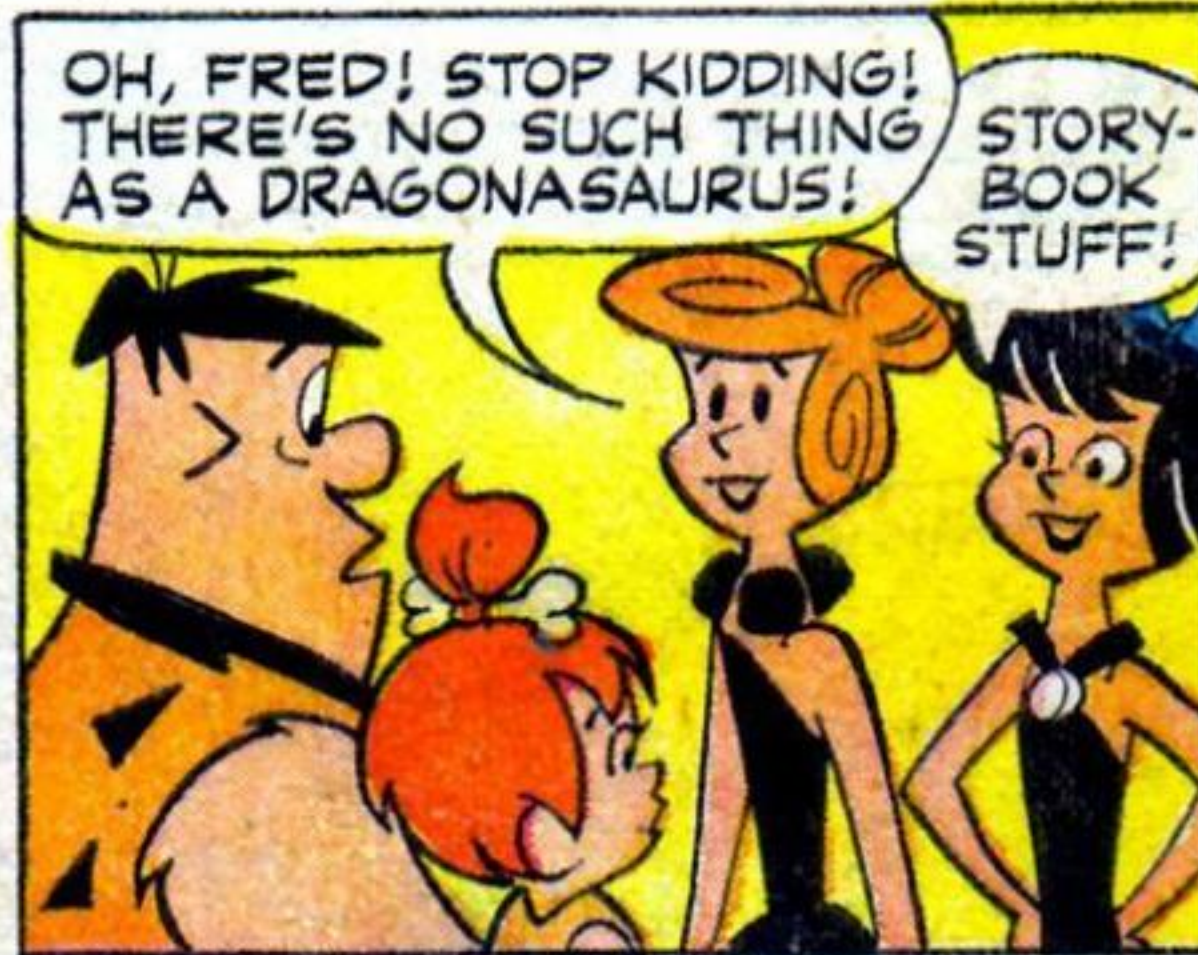
AH! THERE ARE  
A COUPLA NICE  
STONES! IT'S A  
WONDERFUL AGE  
WE'RE LIVING  
IN, PEBBLES!

WE MERELY SMASH TWO  
STONES TOGETHER...  
AND **PRESTO...**  
WE LIGHT THE  
FIRE!

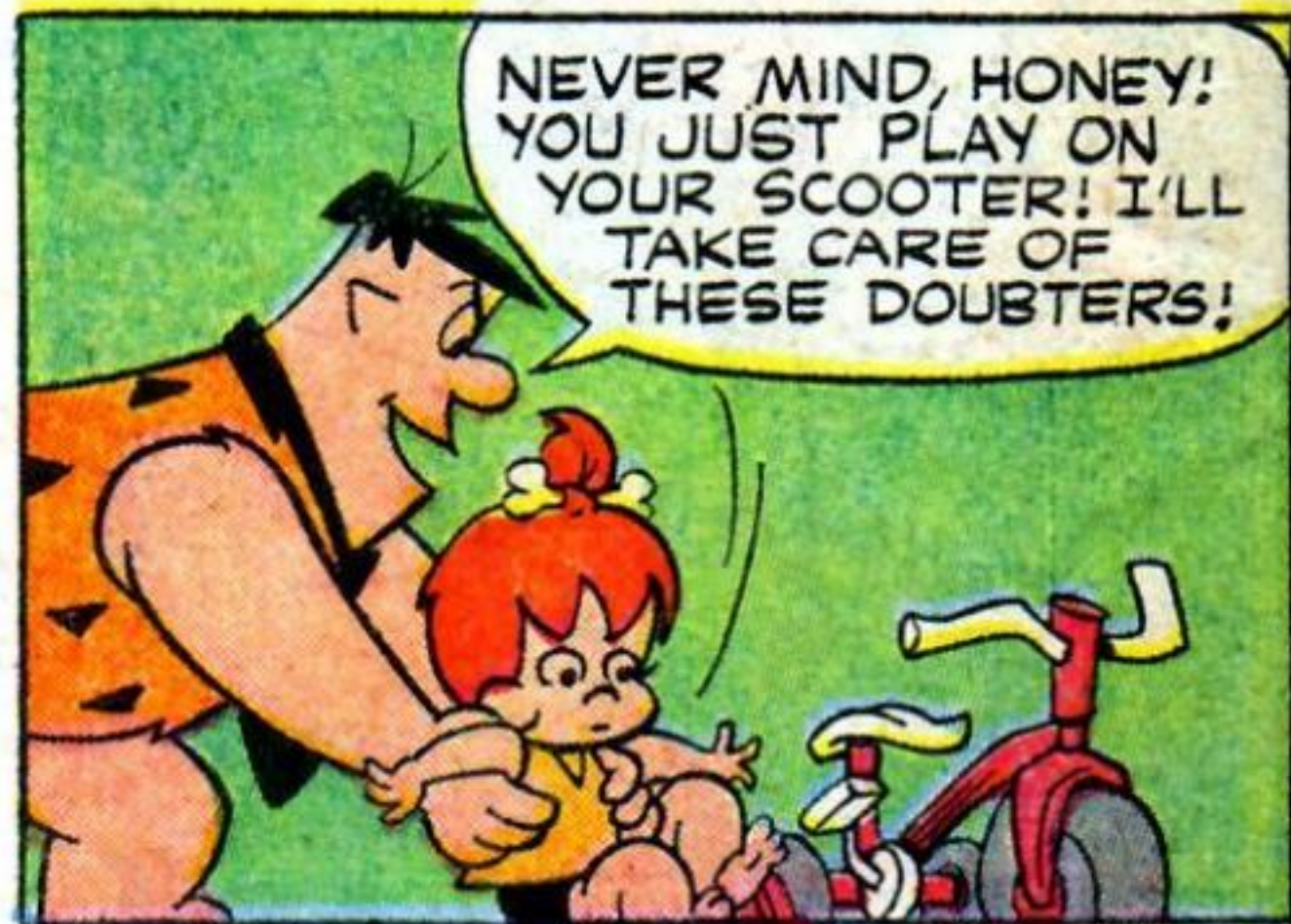
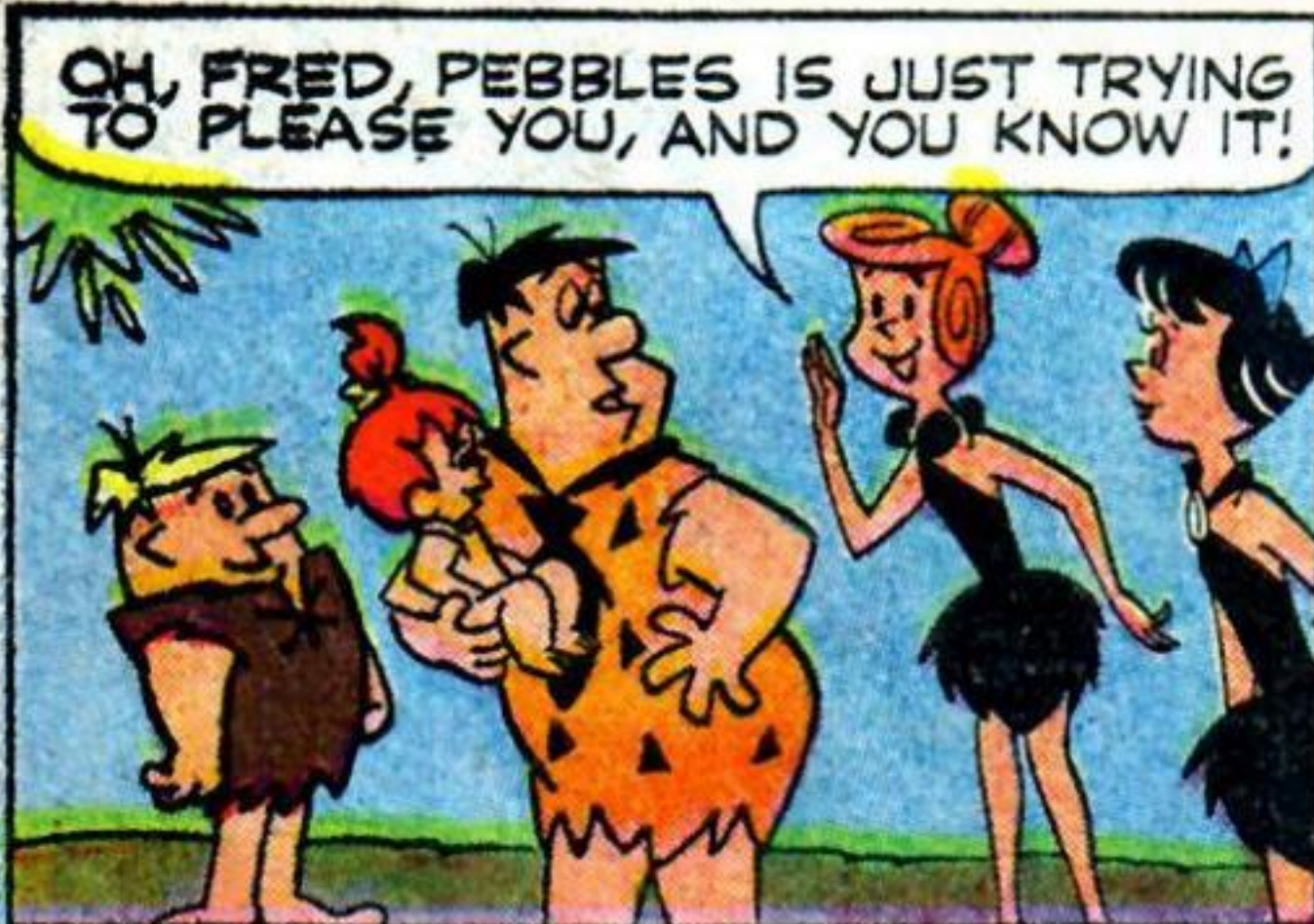
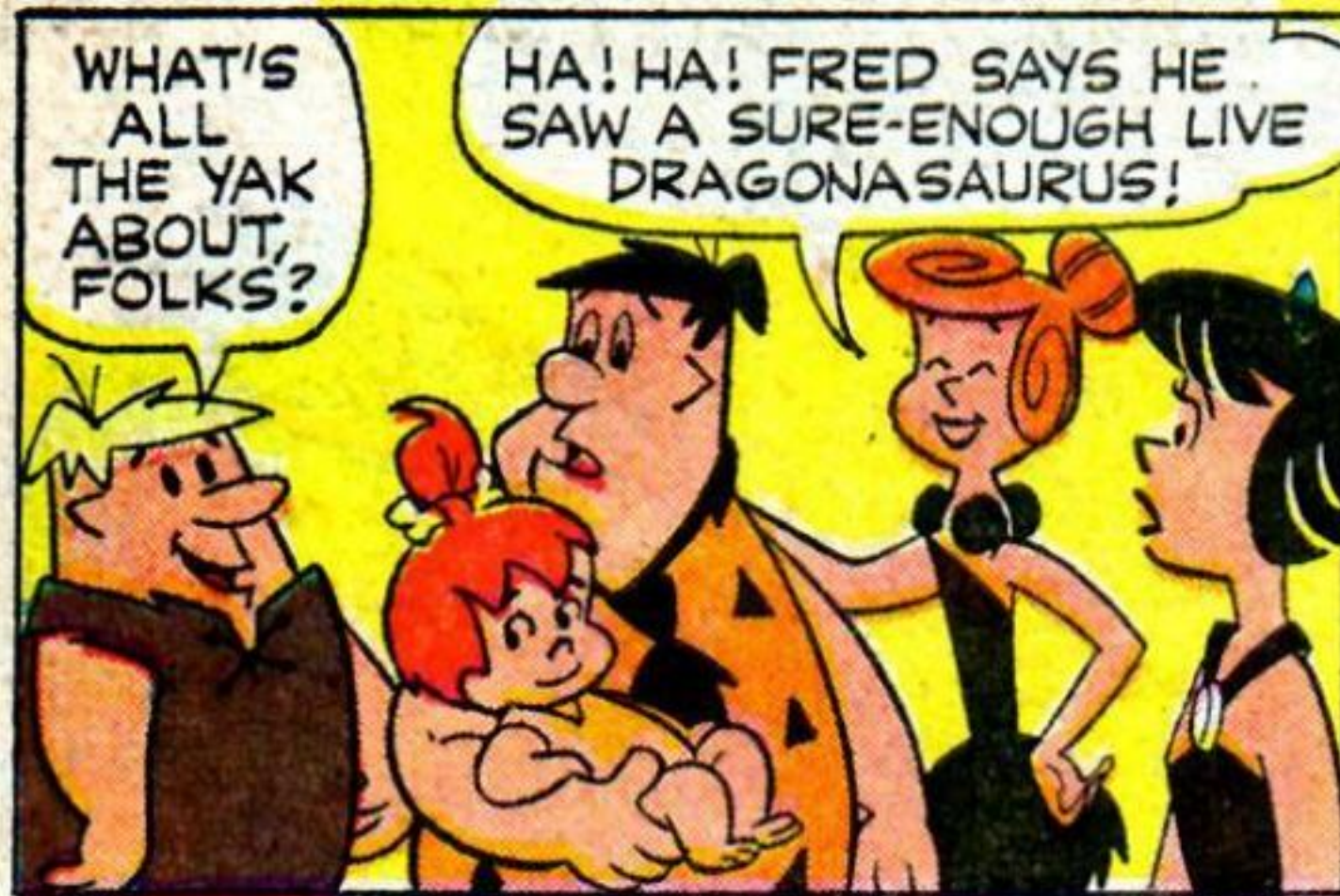














ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!  
GO TO THE SALE!  
I'LL JUST TAKE  
ALONG MY  
CAMERA AND  
PROVE IT!



YUK! YUK! HE SURE  
IS CARRYING THAT  
BLUFF TO THE  
LIMIT!

YOU PLAY ALONG  
WITH IT, BARNEY!  
WE'LL TAKE  
PEBBLES AND GO  
ON TO THE SALE!



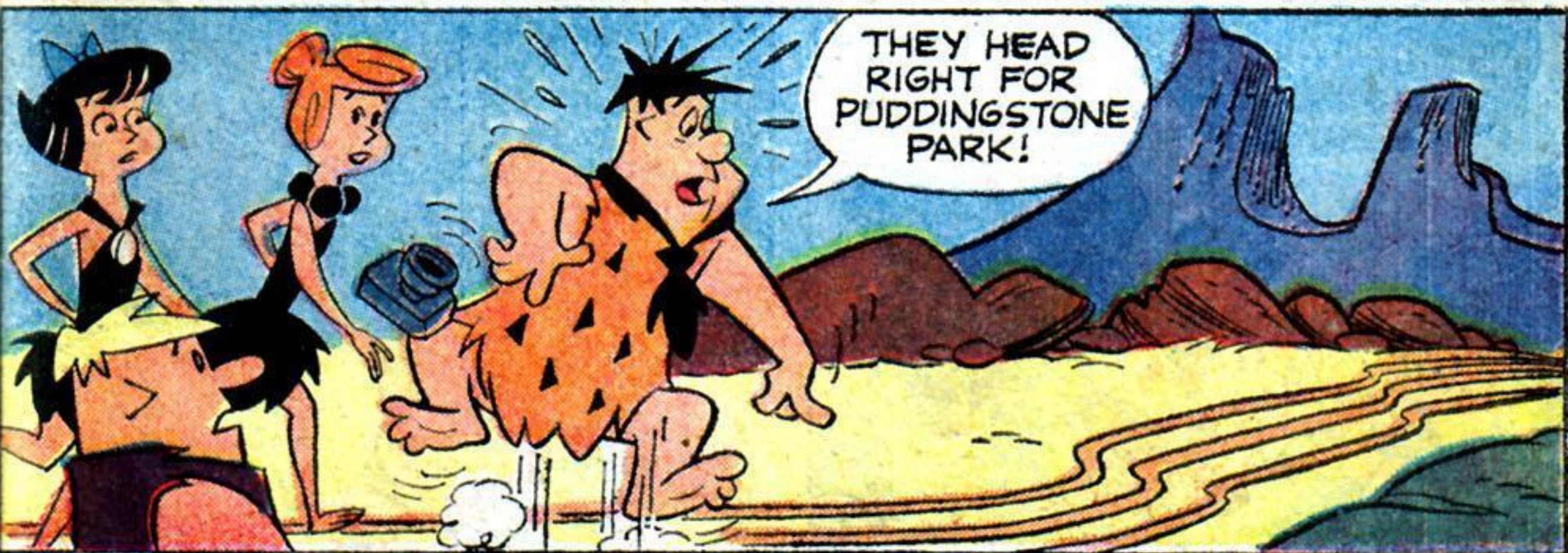
PEBBLES!  
SHE'S GONE!



LOOK! HER SCOOTER TRACKS  
LEAD OUT THE  
BACK  
GATE!



THEY HEAD  
RIGHT FOR  
PUDDINGSTONE  
PARK!



YIPES!  
DRAGONASAURUS  
TRACKS!

THEY'RE **SOME**  
SORT OF TRACKS,  
ALL RIGHT!



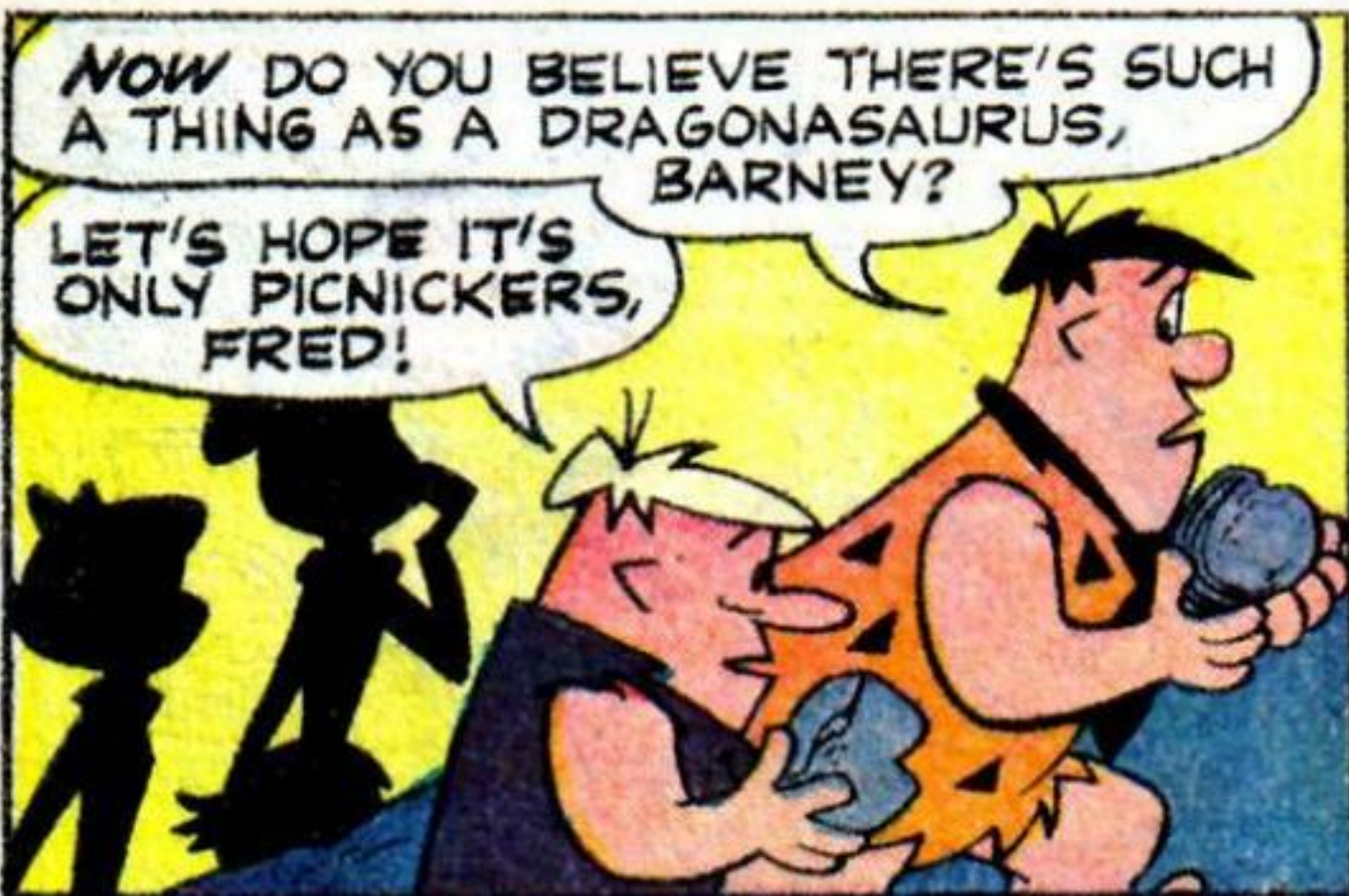
THEY ARE FOLLOWING  
THE SCOOTER  
TRACKS!







SMOKE!



NOW DO YOU BELIEVE THERE'S SUCH A THING AS A DRAGONASAUROS, BARNEY?

LET'S HOPE IT'S ONLY PICNICKERS, FRED!



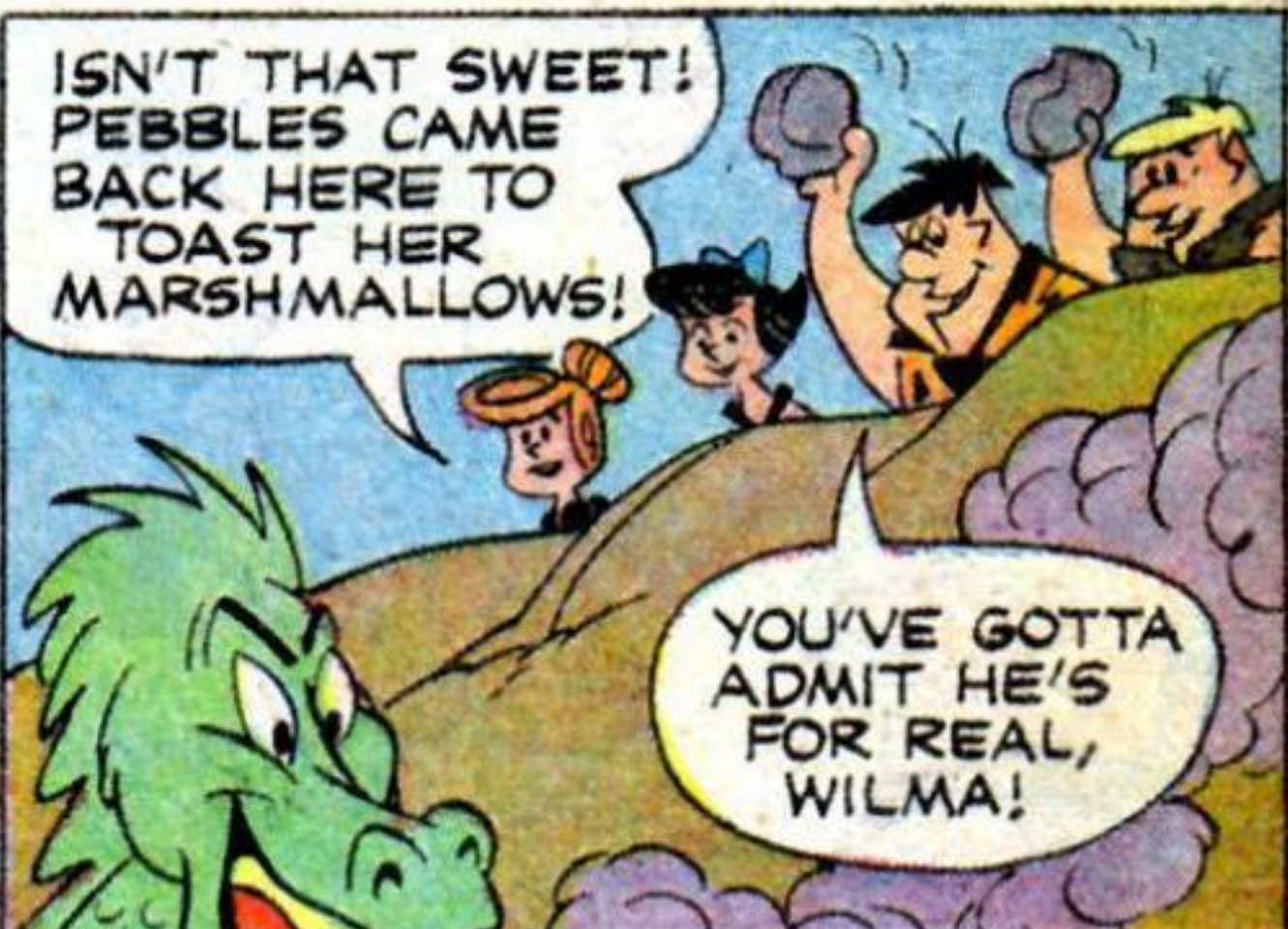
YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT THOSE TRACKS FOLLOWING PEBBLES WEREN'T PICNICKERS' TRACKS!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, FRED!



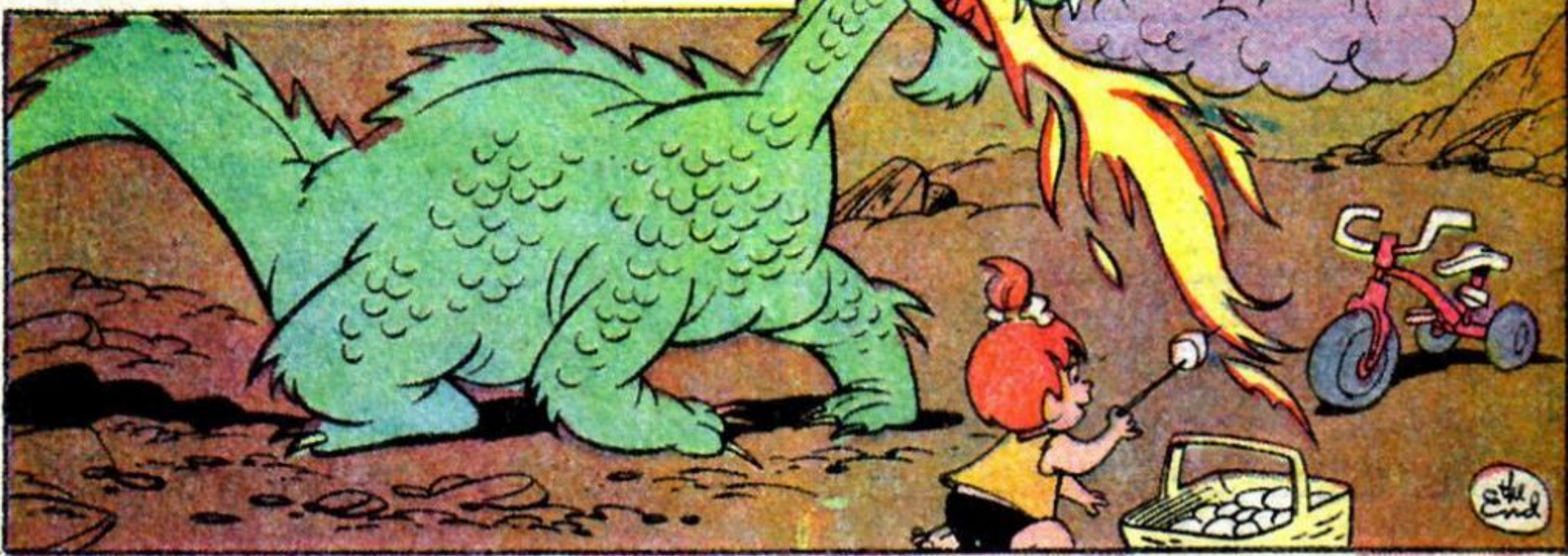
GET READY, GIRLS! AS SOON AS WE CLOBBER THE MONSTER YOU RUN IN AND GRAB PEBBLES!

HOLD YOUR FIRE...LOOK!



ISN'T THAT SWEET! PEBBLES CAME BACK HERE TO TOAST HER MARSHMALLOWS!

YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT HE'S FOR REAL, WILMA!



End